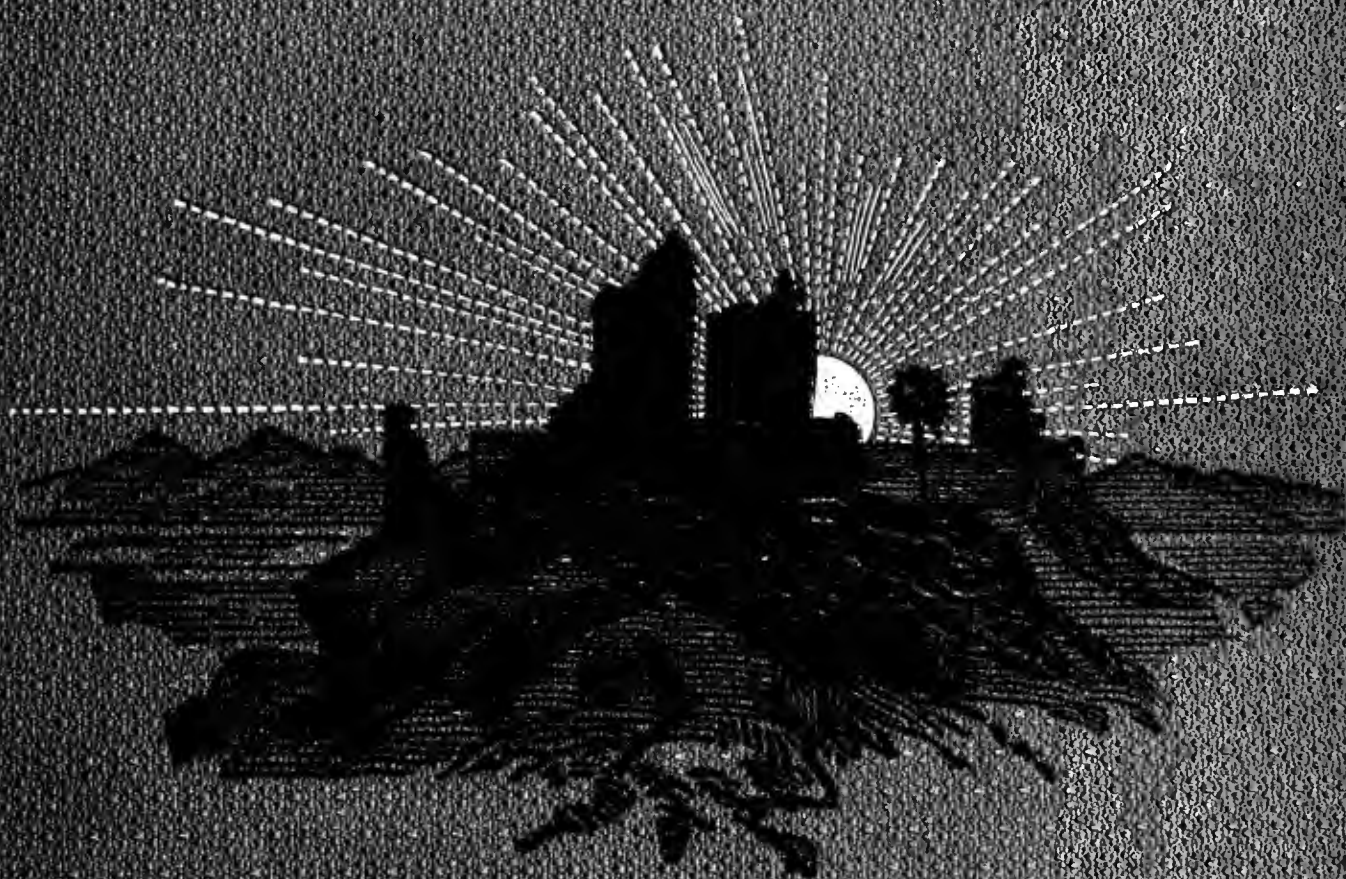


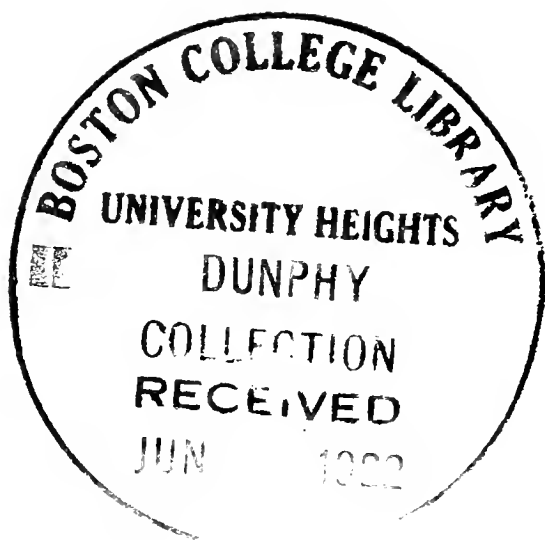
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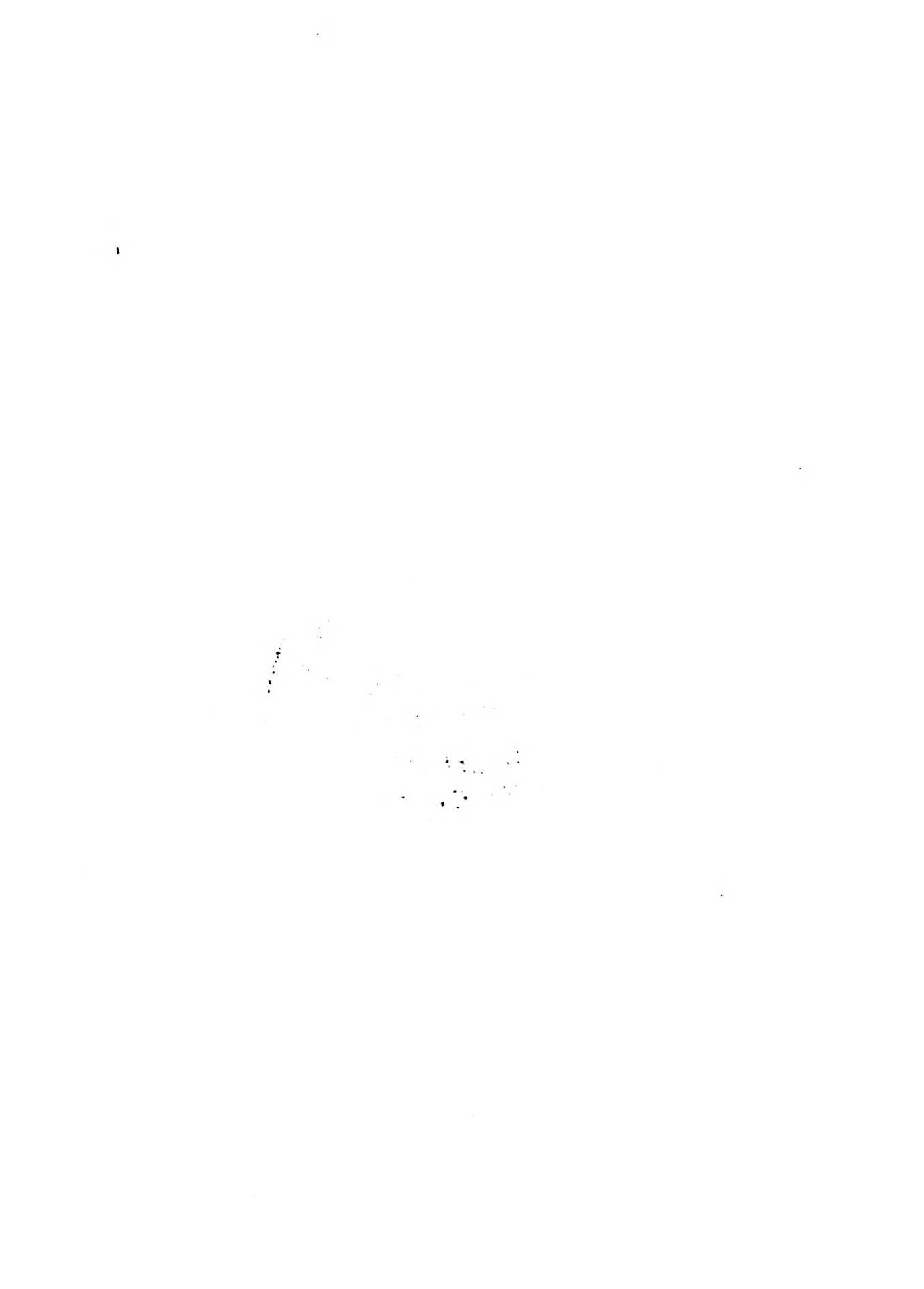


IRELAND

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PICTURESQUE SCENERY IN IRELAND

DRAWN BY THOMAS CRESWICK, R.A.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL

WITH

DESCRIPTIVE JOTTINGS BY A TOURIST

NEW YORK

R. WORTHINGTON, 770, BROADWAY

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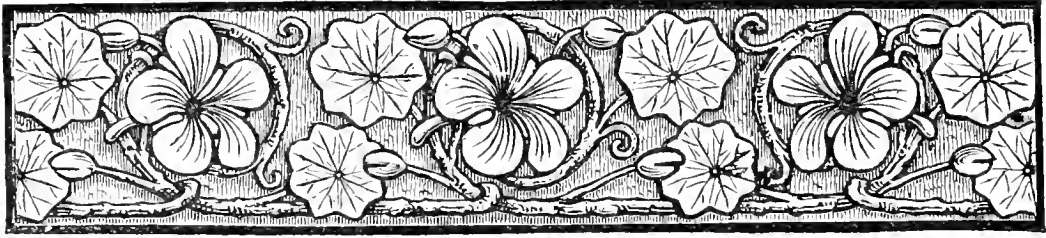
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INTRODUCTORY.

IN these days of overtaxed mental and bodily powers change of air has become a matter of prudence. To dwellers in crowded cities, the annual holiday means something more than idle recreation—it involves restoring exhausted nature, and possibly preventing disease. To such the question, “Where shall we go?” is an important one. True, there are those time-honoured spots at the mouth of the Thames, and on the South Coast, dear to our childhood. On their shores our cheeks grew rounder and ruddier, as we made sand-pies or constructed docks and batteries with the same unstable materials: Mamma, happy in our happiness, smilingly observant of our proceedings as she stitched away in the welcome shade cast by a boat or a bathing-machine; while the advent of Paterfamilias at the end of the week, for a few days, completed the domestic idyl.

Against these revered spots—although some of them are strangely deficient in picturesque scenery—we have nothing to

say. Peace be to their sands ! Their long-continued popularity is conclusive evidence that to families, at all events, they afford the required accommodation. But young men, and others who have not yet assumed the responsibility of parents, might do better than pass their holiday, year after year, on a belt of sand, or shingle, of about the dimensions of a good-sized bowling-green. By going farther afield they would secure the advantages of thorough change of air and scene, and that at but a slight increased expenditure of time and money.

To urge the claims of IRELAND as a profitable field for the Tourist is the main object of these pages. The sister country abounds in varied and beautiful scenery, the people are most interesting, and the air is mild yet invigorating ; while the railroads are so conveniently laid that trips can be taken with great expedition from one point of interest to another. To these advantages may be added, that travelling and hotel expenses are cheaper in Ireland than they are in England.

This little work is not merely designed as a Tourist's Guide-book to Ireland, laying down plans for specified routes, with hotel expenses, elaborate descriptions of public buildings, statistics, &c. Many admirable works of that kind already exist, which may be consulted by the visitor with great advantage ; but these books naturally present few attractions to the general reader. What is aimed at in these pages is to supply, by a series of high-class Steel Engravings, representative examples of the Scenery of Ireland ; and to produce a book which may also serve as a pleasant souvenir of

the Tourist's visit. Without the aid of pictorial embellishment the present task would never have been undertaken : by its means, it is believed, the work will find favour with the public, and may stimulate the curiosity of many to see in reality what is here so ably pictured. As a guarantee of the excellence of the Illustrations, it may be added the Plates were engraved from Drawings by that eminent landscape painter, Mr. T. CRESWICK, R.A.

The work has been divided into Three Parts, each Part devoted to a popular portion of the country usually visited by Tourists. The western Province of Connaught, not being much visited by the class of excursionists to whom this book is principally addressed, is not dwelt on. Although it has not been deemed desirable to lay down rigidly defined routes, a systematic progression from place to place has been adopted, in connection with the railway system of the country. The routes indicated in these pages can, of course, be modified to suit the convenience of the traveller.

It is possible—but not desirable—for the Tourist to visit all three Provinces in a fortnight, briefly viewing the chief objects of interest ; but it will be found far more pleasant and profitable to confine himself to one or two parts of the island at a time. On a first visit, Dublin and its environs, with the Wicklow Mountains, might be taken ; on a second, Killarney and the south of Ireland ; on a third, Belfast and the north of Ireland, with the Giant's Causeway ; on a fourth, Galway and Connemara, with the west of Ireland. The Tourist with a fortnight's holiday might well take

the east and the north of the island at one trip, or the south and the west.

In the season, Tourist Tickets are issued on favourable terms by the railway companies, and the arrangements are made with considerable ingenuity to suit the convenience of all classes. Perhaps it will be as well to hint that the shortest sea route, *viâ* Holyhead, should always be adopted if possible, as the Irish Sea is apt to be very trying to indifferent sailors.



PART I.—LEINSTER.



DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.



DUBLIN.

City of Dublin and its Environs—Howth: the Abbey and College; the Castle; Hill of Howth; the Lighthouse; the Harbour—Islands of Ireland's Eye and Lambay—Malahide—Swords—Kingstown: the Harbour—Dalkey—Dalkey and Dalkey Island—Killiney Hill.

THERE are few cities in the world so auspiciously situated as the metropolis of Ireland. It is intersected by the river Liffey, which flows from west to east, and discharges itself into the noble bay, which is guarded on the one side by the Hill of Howth, and on the other by Killiney Hill, near Kingstown. Fresh breezes from the ocean and the hills contribute to keep it healthy; while the most lovely scenery is within an hour's walk of its crowded streets. This fine city extends more than three miles in length, in a direct line from east to west, and is nearly of equal extent from north to south. It is encompassed by a "Circular Road," in extent about nine Irish miles. The river Liffey is navigable as far as Carlisle Bridge, in the centre of the town. It would be difficult to find in any city a more magnificent view than can be obtained from the centre of this bridge on a fine summer's morning.

Dublin contains many fine buildings, but descriptions of these structures are rarely interesting. The tourist who has little time

to spare is recommended to hire a car for a few hours, and allow the driver to act as guide to the leading objects of interest. This will probably be the visitor's first experience of locomotion by means of the Irish car. They are of three kinds : the "covered car," the "inside" jaunting car, and the "outside" car. The latter are more generally used, in which the travellers sit back to back, with their legs outside the wheels. This style of transit has been appropriately designated "travelling edgeways," and has been objected to as giving the traveller a "one-sided view of things." However, when the fear is overcome of having your legs chopped off at the knees by every passing vehicle, these conveyances are found to be safe and pleasant. The neatly constructed cars to be met with in Dublin and other large cities bear little resemblance to the "low-back cars" in use in the more rural districts. The car-drivers are a genus in themselves, wherever met with. Like all Irishmen, they are mostly quaint and witty, with that peculiar sly humour so eminently Irish.

A few of the leading public buildings which ornament the city may be briefly noticed. The Bank of Ireland, in College Green, formerly used as the Parliament House, is an elegant edifice, built of Portland stone. Trinity College is situated opposite the Bank, with which its architectural beauty harmonizes. Dublin Castle, the residence of the Viceroy, is by no means an imposing structure as seen from the street ; it is, however, of great antiquity. The Four Courts, College of Surgeons, Post Office, Barracks, &c., are all handsome, chiefly of Grecian architecture. The Custom House is a truly noble pile, the principal front facing the river.

Many of the churches in Dublin are of great antiquity, and

also interesting from historical associations. Christ's Church Cathedral is said to have been first erected in 1038. The church, however, as it now stands, is of comparatively modern date. It was in this cathedral that the Church Liturgy was first read in Ireland in the English tongue. In the nave are to be seen many ancient monuments of great beauty and interest. St. Patrick erected a place of worship near the well in which he baptized his converts : this is said to be on the site of the Cathedral of St. Patrick. There is evidence that the original pile existed in 890 ; but the present building was begun in 1190. Swift was Dean of this cathedral, and marble slabs mark his resting-place and that of the "Stella" of his poetry. The cathedral has been entirely restored since 1860, at the sole cost of the late Sir B. L. Guinness, who expended the princely sum of upwards of £140,000 upon it.

Of monumental adornments, the chief are Nelson's Monument, the Wellington Testimonial, and the statue to the memory of the poet Moore. The Nelson Monument is a fluted column 121 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the naval hero. From the summit a most extensive and delightful panoramic view of the city and surrounding country is obtained. The Wellington Testimonial was erected by his fellow-townsmen of Dublin at a cost of £20,000. It consists of a quadrangular truncated obelisk, of Wicklow granite. Sunken panels contain relieves in metal, one of them representing the Duke himself being crowned with laurel. Of this Testimonial the volatile Oxonian Tourist remarks—"The names of his great battles are graven on the obelisk, *Waterloo* being, of course, omitted. I say 'of course,' because there is something so delightfully Irish in this small oversight, that it seems quite natural and appropriate ; and I

should as little dream of being surprised or vexed by it, as if in an Irish edition of Milton I could find no ‘Paradise Lost.’” The poet Moore was also a Dublin man, of whom the citizens are justly proud. His statue is situated at the top of College Street, fronting the grand portico of the Bank. He was born in a queer-looking old house, No. 12, Aungier Street.

The Glasnevin Botanical Gardens are well worth a visit. They comprise about forty-three acres of ground. Their fine undulating surface, through which the clear waters of the Tolka flow, is elegantly laid out, and shaded by overhanging trees ; while the intersecting walks are adorned with numerous shrubs and beautiful flowers. In the splendid conservatories are to be seen a vast variety of rare and valuable trees and plants, native and exotic. The ground formerly belonged to the poet Tickell, who came to Ireland with Addison, when the latter was secretary to Lord Sunderland. One of the walks in the grounds is named “Addison’s Walk.” It is generally admitted that for extent and beauty these Gardens are second to none in Europe.

Phoenix Park should also be seen. It is the most extensive public park in the kingdom, containing some 1,750 acres of green sward and trees, with plenty of deer. From its extent—being seven miles in circumference—it would be advisable for the tourist to take a car, and the driver will point out the several beautiful views which can be obtained from various parts. In addition to its lakes, romantic glens, shady walks, and pleasing retreats, the Park possesses many other objects of interest. Near the entrance is the Wellington Testimonial, already noticed ; the Carlisle Memorial Statue, the Military Hospital, the Zoological Gardens, &c., are also within the Park.

Having briefly indicated a few of the prominent features in the city, the environs of Dublin will now be noticed. Those who have time, and are fond of systematic sight-seeing, will do well to provide themselves with Black's "Guide to Ireland," which is cheap and reliable.

The tourist who is desirous to make himself acquainted with the beauties of the renowned Bay of Dublin should pay a visit to Howth and the other small towns which lie north of the city, to which the Drogheda Railway furnishes cheap and speedy conveyance.

The views, both coastwise and inland, as the train sweeps round the north side of the Bay, are very beautiful. Marino, the classical seat of the Earl of Charlemont, is soon passed. The demesne, which is liberally thrown open for public inspection, is laid out with great taste, and contains an exquisite Doric temple. The memorable plain of Clontarf lies to the left, famous as the scene of Brian Boroinmhe's last victory over the Danes. As the promontory of Howth is approached, the shores become bold and rugged, but picturesque. The peninsula, or, as it is usually called, the Hill of Howth, jutting into the sea, forms the northern headland of Dublin Bay, and the little town and harbour, with the Castle of Howth, are pleasantly situated under the shelter of the Hill, which rises precipitously behind them.

On an elevation overhanging the sea are situated the venerable remains of Howth Abbey, within the ancient churchyard. The church affords an index of the general state of society at its erection : it was constructed for defence as well as for devotion, being surrounded by a strong embattled wall. Tradition states that its foundations were laid by the St. Lawrences early in the thirteenth century. Over the western door is a ruined belfry. The bells

which formerly belonged to the abbey are now preserved in Howth Castle; they were discovered by accident. When the new church was built, it became necessary to provide a bell for it: some one called to mind a tradition that the old bells existed somewhere about the Castle. They were sought for and found, where they had lain for some two hundred years.

Of the so-called College of Howth there are also some remains, close to the burial ground of the Abbey. They consist of a hall, a kitchen, and a few cells, which afford shelter to several poor families. The ruins of another building—a small oratory dedicated to St. Fenton—exist a little to the west of the Castle. Besides these remains, several others are observed on different parts of the Hill; the ground being peculiarly rich in historic and traditional associations.

Howth Castle is the family seat of the St. Lawrences, who have held it since the time of their ancestor, Sir Amorey Tristram de Valence, who landed here in the twelfth century. The Castle, which has been altered at various periods, and was in a great measure rebuilt in the sixteenth century, is a fine old structure. It displays a long battlemented front, flanked by towers. A singular legend is connected with this Castle. In 1575 the celebrated Grana Uile, or Grace O'Malley, on her return from a visit to Queen Elizabeth, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the Castle; but feeling indignant at finding the gates closed, as was the custom of the family during the hour of dinner, she, on her departure, seized the young heir of St. Lawrence, then at nurse near the seashore, and carried him off a prisoner to her castle. He was ultimately released, on his father pledging his word that on no pretence whatever should the gates of the Castle be closed at the

hour of dinner. This promise was most faithfully kept up to a very recent date. A painting of this incident is preserved in the dining-room. The demesne and pleasure-grounds, enriched with fine plantations, are very beautiful, and on the occasions when they are thrown open to the public are largely attended.

Proceeding in a southerly direction from the ruins of the ancient Abbey, the tourist will arrive at the highest parts of the Hill of Howth, properly so called, which are nearly 580 feet above the level of the sea. At the eastern extremities of these heights is the old lighthouse, for some years disused, as, from its great elevation, it was often involved in clouds and mist. In the splendid views which can be obtained from this and the neighbouring heights are included the varied and picturesque mountains of Dublin and Wicklow on the south and west, and on the north the mountains of Mourne, at a distance of forty miles. More immediately off the coast are seen the islands of Lambay and Ireland's Eye.

Immediately south of this eminence, and upwards of 400 feet beneath it, on the summit of a small rock, called from its verdure "The Green Bailey," is seen the HOWTH LIGHTHOUSE. It was erected by the Ballast Board of Dublin in 1814. The light is 110 feet above the level of the sea, and is visible at a distance of seventeen nautical miles in clear weather. As will be seen from the engraving,* the appearance of the lighthouse is very striking, standing out as it does on what seems to be an insulated rock.

The Harbour of Howth was constructed by the celebrated engineer, John Rennie, and was intended as a station for the Dublin packets. The shifting sands of the coast, however, soon

* See Frontispiece.

rendered the harbour impracticable, and it has been entirely superseded by Kingstown Harbour. Opposite Howth is the charming rocky island known as Ireland's Eye, and beyond it the renowned Isle of Lambay.

Another object of attraction in the neighbourhood of Dublin is Malahide. This village (nine miles from Dublin) is much resorted to for sea-bathing. Here is Malahide Castle, the fine baronial residence of Lord Talbot de Malahide. Among the most striking of the several apartments is the grand hall, with a vaulted roof of oak timber. The grounds are studded with groups of fine trees, and the sea-view which is obtained from the Castle is much prized by visitors.

About three miles to the west of Malahide is the small but ancient town of Swords. The combination of ruins at this place is very curious and interesting.

Having noticed a few of the northern environs of Dublin, several interesting spots south of the city will now be visited. Among the many beautiful places in the neighbourhood of Dublin is Kingstown. The tourist to Ireland *viâ* Holyhead lands at Kingstown Quay, whence the journey to Dublin, by car or railway, is most interesting. The construction of its splendid artificial harbour—one of the finest in the kingdom—was the first and great step for the prosperity of the town. The granite of which it is composed was quarried in the adjoining hill of Killiney. An obelisk commemorates the visit of George IV. to Ireland in 1821, since which period Kingstown has been gradually rising into a most charming watering-place. Previous to this visit it was known merely as the fishing village of Dunleary.

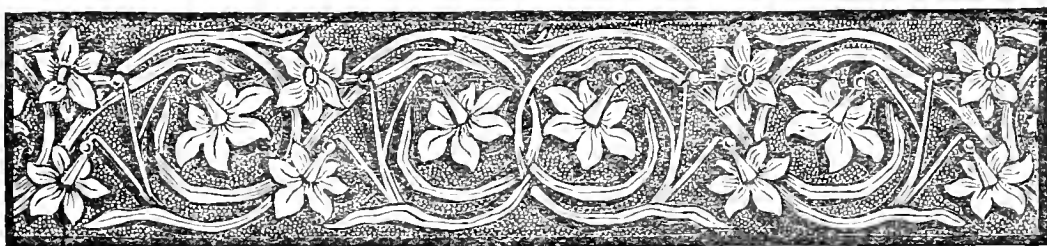
Two miles farther is the pleasant town of Dalkey, with its

hoary castellated ruins. This place was anciently of some importance. Dalkey Island, long used as a place of popular resort by the citizens of Dublin, is separated from the mainland by a channel called Dalkey Sound, which is about eight fathoms deep.

Killiney Hill is situated close to Dalkey, and is a noticeable feature in the landscape. From the highest point of the range, a panorama of surpassing beauty is unfolded. An enthusiastic visitor says:—"The view from the Hill of Killiney is one of the loveliest in this land of loveliness. Seated among the purple and golden flowers, you look over its rocks and trees upon the noble Bay of Dublin, with its waters 'bickering in the noontide blaze,' and the stately ships gliding to and fro. Below is Kingstown, opposite the old Hill of Howth, and in the centre the metropolis of Ireland."

The more prominent features in the scenery of this part of the county have been briefly noticed; the neighbourhood would supply abundant materials for a topographical volume: for the geologist, botanist, naturalist, and antiquary, it has an ample store of attractions. If the tourist were to confine himself to this county alone, he might spend a pleasant and profitable holiday.





WICKLOW.

“The Scalp”—Enniskerry—Bray—Glen of the Dargle—Lover’s Leap—Powerscourt—Powerscourt Waterfall—Loughs Bray—Glen of the Downs—Sugar-loaf Mountain—Delgany—Newtown Mount Kennedy—The Devil’s Glen—Rosanna—Pass of Dunran—Roundwood—Luggelaw—Lough Tay—Lough Dan—Glendalough—Ruins of the Seven Churches—St. Kevin’s Bed—Legend of the Saint and Kathleen—Glenmalure—“Meeting of the Waters”—Vale of Ovoca—Arklow.

THE celebrated county of Wicklow has justly been called the “Garden of Ireland.” “There may be seen lakes of Alpine beauty ; streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their sparkling waters down rugged precipices ; deep glens and sombre ravines, where the dark mountain shadows make twilight of the summer noon ; mountains whose bare and craggy peaks seem to pierce the clouds ; romantic woods and picturesque glades, with fertile, and warm, and pleasant valleys.” These sylvan beauties have been considerably enhanced in interest by the fairy tales and grotesque legends connected with them, and which Mr. Crofton Croker has displayed so much skill in collecting. Not less fortunate has Ireland been in her lyric authors, chief of whom is Thomas Moore. One of his most exquisite poems is connected with the Vale of Ovoca, which we are about to visit ; and another of the “Melodies” commemorates a romantic legend of Lake



Glendalough. The nearest point of this veritable fairy-land is but thirteen miles from Dublin; the leading objects of interest in Wicklow may be seen in two or three days.

By the Enniskerry road the county is entered at "The Scalp," a chasm in the mountain which separates it from the county of Dublin. The sides of this singular defile are covered with huge masses of disjointed granite, which look as if a gust of wind would send them toppling down on the traveller. In the winter season, or after heavy rains, some of these loosened crags are precipitated to the bottom of the ravine, from whence they are removed with considerable labour. The road gradually slopes until the pretty town of ENNISKERRY, entered by a bridge over the river Kerry, is seen picturesquely situated in a deep valley beneath. This town may be considered the threshold of the beauties of Wicklow.

The tourist, however, will probably enter the county by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, alighting at Bray, from whence he may make excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood. This town, always a brisk business little place, has risen rapidly into importance as a summer resort for the citizens of Dublin. The opening of the railway has doubtless conferred great advantages on the town; as, from its proximity to the Dargle, the Glen of the Downs, and the Devil's Glen, it has become an important station for tourists. There is a fine esplanade, about a mile in length, extending to the base of Bray Head on the south, and forming a delightful promenade for the inhabitants and the numerous visitors to this rising and delightful watering-place.

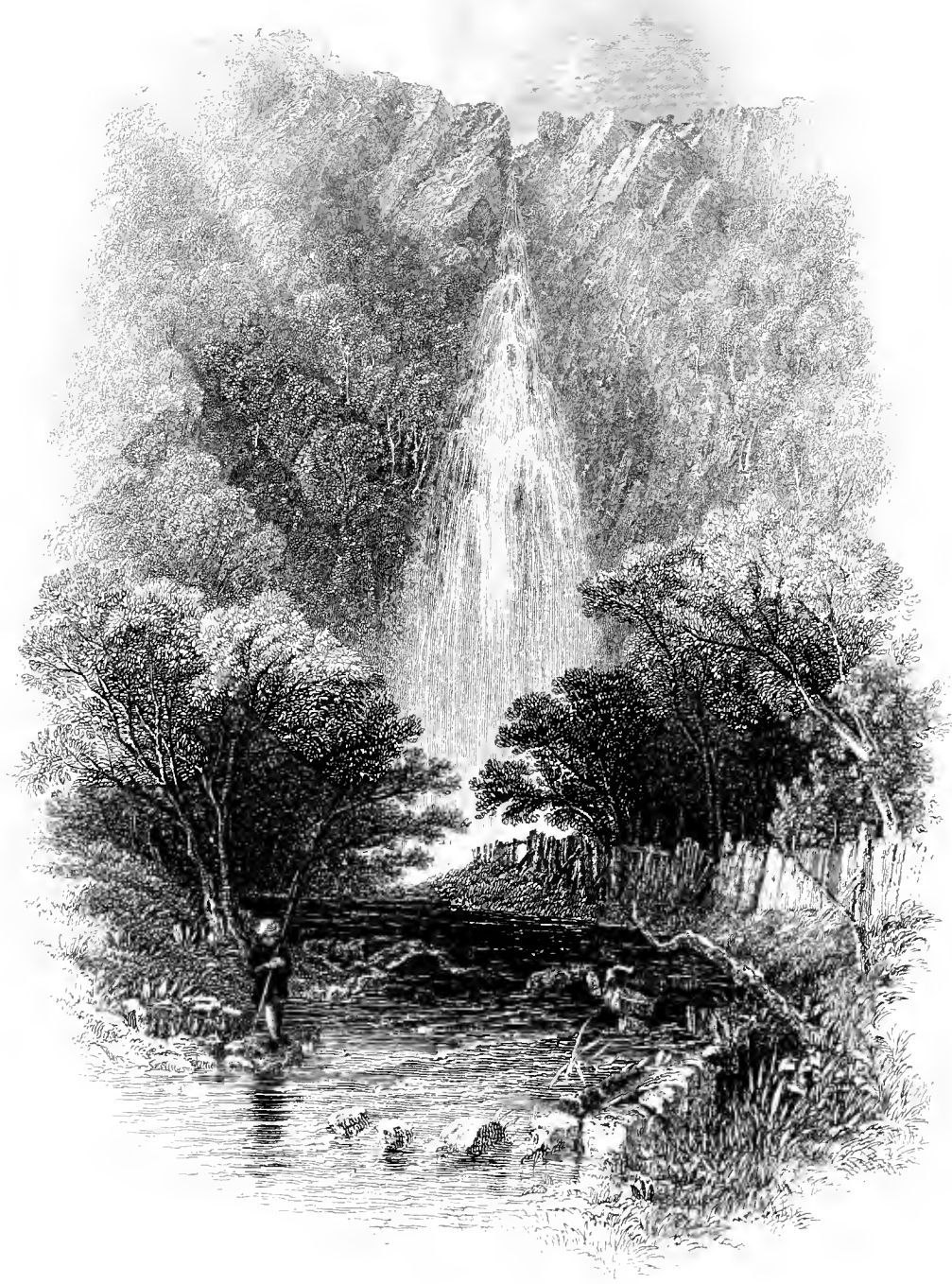
There are many noble seats close to Bray. About a mile south of the town is Kilruddery, the noble mansion of the Earl of Meath,

built in the Elizabethan style, and situated in beautiful grounds and park. The demesne is finely located between the Little Sugar-loaf Mountain and the bold, rugged heights of Bray Head. In proceeding from Bray to the Dargle, the tourist will meet with Hollybrooke House, another Elizabethan mansion, the residence of Sir G. F. Hodson, Bart. This fine demesne, which is open to visitors, is delightfully placed between the two Sugar-loaves. Bray Head is situated some distance from the town ; from it a most lovely view is obtained.

Soon after leaving Bray, the Dargle is entered on foot, and followed to Enniskerry and Powercourt. The Glen of the Dargle is much frequented by the citizens of Dublin, and in the summer season it can be rarely visited without meeting happy groups in various parts of the Glen, which is about a mile in length. Some portions of the ravine are of great depth ; the hills on either side beautifully clothed with native wildwood and graceful fern. The view of the Glen from above is exceedingly beautiful, exhibiting a rare combination of rugged rock, with foliage of every tint and form. The river which flows through it is inconsiderable, but large enough to give life and spirit to the scene as it leaps from rock to rock. About midway in the Glen, a huge mass of rock, projecting at a great height over the river, has received the name of "The Lover's Leap," connected with which, of course, there are many legends. There is a strong family likeness in these tales ; one will serve as a sample.

A young lady, fickle and fair, formed a second attachment before, it would seem, the first was altogether obliterated. She was unconscious, however, of the misery her falsehood had effected, until, while singing a favourite song to her new lover,

between each verse, as she paused, she heard the tolling of the church bell. This smote so upon her heart that she could not continue, and at last inquired who was dead; the reply brought back the memory of her first love with far more than its earliest fervour. That night she spent, heedless of the cold and rain, upon the grave of him who had died for her sake. It was in vain that her relatives entreated her to remain with them, and try to forget the past; she would return to them in the morning, but invariably resume her lone seat before nightfall. She who had been so false to the living, was faithful to the dead; and all the wiles of the youth she had so gaily sung to, failed to win her from her resolve to die for him who had died for her. At length her mind wandered; with an air of unearthly triumph she assured her sister that her true love had risen from the grave, and that she had walked with him along the headlands of the Glen; that he had promised to meet her again, and lead her to a spot where they should be united to part no more. This alarmed her family, and they placed her under mild restraint; but, with the cunning of insanity, she eluded their vigilance, and escaped. A few minutes after her flight was discovered, her brother followed, as usual, to the churchyard, at which he arrived just in time to catch the last flutter of her scarf, as she flew rather than ran towards the Dargle. He pursued, saw her pause for a moment upon the fatal brink, and then dart into the boiling abyss. The phantom created by her imagination doubtless led her to her death; but some will tell you that every Midsummer-eve her spirit soars along the headland above the river, sometimes in the similitude of a dove, floating like a silver star through the night; at other times in the shape of a white fawn, dashing fearlessly



volume of descending water is so very small that the face of the rock is seen through the thin veil of its delicate transparency. But in winter, or when the channels of the mountain have been charged by recent rain, the tumultuous fury with which the thundering cataract dashes at one wild bound down the frightful depth of its descent, fills the beholder's mind with wonder.

The admirable descriptive tourist, Mr. Lacy, of Wexford, gives the following particulars, as narrated by a car-driver, regarding the death of an Englishman, who, falling over the precipice in the vicinity of the Waterfall, was killed on the spot. The unfortunate gentleman, in company with some friends, went to Ireland, in the summer of 1853, to see the Industrial Exhibition. Having satisfied his curiosity in viewing the Exhibition, he availed himself of an early opportunity of visiting the county of Wicklow. With this intention, accompanied by a friend, he arrived at Bray, and set out from thence to visit the Dargle and this Waterfall. When he arrived in its vicinity, he was so much struck with its singularly beautiful features, more especially its splendid cascade, that, with a degree of rashness for which he paid the forfeit of his life, he climbed up the side of the adjoining mountain, and passed across the intervening ledge of rock, until he arrived at the head of the Fall. After a close examination of its interesting peculiarities, he commenced his descent immediately beside the edge of the falling torrent, and along the face of the shelving rock, so steep and smooth that even the mountain goat could scarcely, with impunity, make the attempt. In his downward progress he endeavoured to support himself by catching at the scanty weeds and moss that grow on the rocky surface; but he found them much too frail to sustain him in his perilous venture, as their

shallow roots became torn by his grasp from their loose and infirm holds, and the result was that he fell over the precipice, and was instantly killed on the rocks beneath. Here would seem to be promising materials for a "legend," when sufficient time has elapsed for the process of evolution to be carried out.

Further to the west, many objects of interest may be seen. Loughs Bray, Upper and Lower, are situated in the centre of a peculiarly lonely district. The situation of the Lower Lake, under the ridge of Kippure, is very striking and picturesque. It is walled in on three sides by lofty and precipitous hills, and is open on the fourth, at the lowest points of which its waters are poured through a narrow opening into the valley of Glencree, forming the Glencree river. The waters of Lough Bray are coloured very deeply by the peat which covers the surrounding hills, through which the water permeates, and the deep and gloomy tint is increased by the shadow into which the lake is thrown by the overhanging mountain to the south and west. The severe features of this mountain tarn are pleasantly relieved by Lough Bray Cottage and grounds. The contrast between the cultivation of this garden and the barrenness around is very striking. The view from the road a little below the lake is most grand : to the right, the mountains of Douce and War stand out in bold relief ; to the left are the Kippure Mountains ; in front, the valley of Glencree and the demesne of Powerscourt ; and further on, an apparently illimitable succession of hill and valley, wood and grove, towns and villages, as far as the eye can reach.

From Bray the tourist generally proceeds to visit the Glen of the Downs—a beautiful dell, resembling the Dargle, though on a somewhat smaller scale—which lies a few miles south of Bray.

The Glen is about a mile and a half in length. For a considerable distance it runs along the foot of the Downs Mountain. The sides of the defile rise to a height of about 600 feet, and are so precipitous as barely to leave room for the narrow road and the small bright stream that glides through the romantic vale with a devious course, producing at every step a constant succession of new charms. The sides being clothed with a dense covering of vegetation, produce a rich effect. From the Glen is obtained a view of the Greater Sugar-loaf Mountain. High upon the wooded hill to the left going from Bray stands a banqueting-house and a romantic cottage, so delightfully situated as to impart an air of poetry to the whole landscape. These tasteful accessories to the beauty of the scene have been constructed by Mr. Latouche, through whose extensive and finely-wooded demesne of Bellevue this enchanting Glen runs. From an octangular room in the banqueting-house, the best view of the surrounding country may be obtained :—the Glen far beneath, with the many-tinted sides of the rocky steeps by which it is overhung, rich in native woods and abundant plantations, and the sublime neighbouring mountains, amongst which the two Sugar-loaf hills tower conspicuously.

On clearing the Glen we reach the pretty hamlet of Delgany ; and about three miles farther south is Newtown Mount Kennedy, which, from its position in the centre of a tract of beautiful country, is generally made a starting-point from whence the tourist may visit the several objects of interest in its neighbourhood. The most remarkable of these is the wild ravine called the Devil's Glen—a combination of rock, wood, and water sufficiently beautiful to entitle it to a better name. The Glen is about a

mile and a half in length, and not unlike the Dargle, but more rugged and imposing in its general features. The river Vartry rushes through the ravine, and forms at the head a fine fall of 100 feet in height, in an unbroken stream, which is not exceeded in beauty by any waterfall in Ireland. Midway in the Glen a small summer-house has been erected; a footway that ascends from this house leads to a rock from which a fine view is obtained. The pathway runs beside the river; the stream flowing with many a curve, as described in Tennyson's "Brook :"—

"It winds about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing :
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

Among the attractions of the Vartry, and indeed of the county of Wicklow, is good trout-fishing; the fish, though not "lusty," being numerous.

At a short distance are the classic grounds of Rosanna, where Mrs. Tighe composed the well-known poem of "Psyche," one of the most graceful poems in the language. In connection with this accomplished lady, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall found the following epigram, in a traveller's album, in one of the cottages in the neighbourhood :—

"Here in this happy Eden of our earth,
Dwelling with Nature and her holy train,
A mortal woman gave a spirit birth,
And Psyche made immortal once again."

The romantic Pass of Dunran, in this vicinity, should also be visited by the tourist; it is one of the sublime gems which enrich the eastern part of the county of Wicklow. The defile is a



narrow pass between lofty hills, in the several interstices of which trees have been planted, where there is apparently scarcely soil enough to cover their roots. As Dunran lies upon very high ground, no water flows through it—another variety in the characteristics of the county. Though this Pass assimilates with the general character of the magnificent scenery of the district, it possesses individual attractions to amply compensate the labour of ascending the eminence from whence it may be advantageously viewed.

From Newtown Mount Kennedy, in a westerly direction, is the village of Roundwood. The immediate neighbourhood of Roundwood is not remarkable ; it is chiefly noted as a resting-place for visitors to Glendalough and Luggelaw, for which purpose are two comfortable country inns, where cars and horses can be had. The reservoir for the supply of the new Dublin Waterworks is situated near the village. It was constructed in 1863 by enclosing the waters of the Vartry.

When within about two miles of Roundwood, a turn to the right leads for about three miles up a long hill ; on either side the winding road is looked down upon by the mountains that arise above it—the Douce on the north, and Ballenrush on the south. Suddenly a most glorious and magnificent scene bursts upon the sight. The whole of the beautiful vale is seen : Luggelaw, or Lough Tay, immediately below ; and, stretching to the east, the wild grandeur of Lough Dan, connected by the river that runs between. The beautiful sheet of water called LUGGELAW, of which we give a view, is encompassed on all sides by mountains, some of the wildest, and others of the richest and most pleasing character. One side is utterly bare, the other richly clad from the base to the

summit with trees—fir and mountain-ash, thorn, oak, and elm—nourished to gigantic growths. At one end of the lake is Luggelaw Lodge.

Lough Tay receives its supply of water principally from the river Annamoe, which, just before entering it, falls down a rock close beside Luggelaw Lodge. The glen in whose upper end this lake is placed is about ten miles in length, extending to Laragh. Lough Dan is situated two miles farther down the glen. It is a larger lake, and receives a portion of its supply from the Avonmore.

We will now turn our steps to the Vale of Glendalough, or, as its name implies, the “Valley of the Two Lochs.” It is about a mile west of the village of Laragh, which is beautifully situated at a spot where the vales of Laragh, Clara, and Glendalough meet. The Vale of Glendalough is about three miles in length and half a mile in width ; open at the eastern extremity, but enclosed on every other side by lofty and precipitous mountains. As its name indicates, there are two lakes in the valley, the Upper and the Lower. These waters are thrown into solemn shade by the lofty and gloomy mountains which overhang them. The glen is dark and cheerless even in summer, and, being almost without a single tree, has a gloomy aspect.

Although this spot offers fewer natural beauties to the observer of nature than other portions of the county of Wicklow, it is possessed of more than common interest to the lover of Irish antiquities. Here are situated the far-famed ruins of the “Seven Churches.” Glendalough owes its origin to St. Kevin, of whom many and curious tales are current, tradition taking up the tale where history fails. It appears that St. Kevin, who was descended from a noble family, was born in the year 498. At the

age of seven years he was placed under the care and tuition of Petrocus, a learned Briton, who had spent many years in Ireland for his own improvement in learning. He continued with him till 510, when he was sent to the cell of three holy anchorites, with whom he studied for a considerable time previously to his assuming the cowl. On taking holy orders he retired to the solitude of Glendalough, then called Cluagh Duach, where, among other works, he wrote a Life of St. Patrick. He founded an abbey there, which he dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, and having presided over it as abbot for several years, he died on the 3rd of June, 618, at the great age of one hundred and twenty years. His eminent virtues, great sanctity, and the fame of his miracles, induced many to imitate his example by adopting his mode of life. Among others, Mochuarog, a native of Britain, was induced to come over to this country, and take up his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprang up, and a seminary was founded. From this seat of learning were sent forth men eminent for their sanctity and learning, who were instrumental in diffusing the light of religious truth throughout many parts of the western world.

Such is the brief history of the foundation of the ecclesiastical city that once adorned these mountain solitudes, but of which the decaying ruins are all that now remain. Even the identity of the Seven Churches, for which this valley has been for centuries celebrated, and which at the present time confer a second name upon the spot, cannot be exactly ascertained; and of the famous city of Glendalough, built by Mochuarog, not a vestige remains except a small paved plot of ground, of a quadrangular form, which indicates the site of the market-place of the fallen city. No

traces of domestic buildings have been discovered ; but the remains of a causeway, extending from the ancient market-place to Hollywood, on the borders of the county of Kildare, are still visible. This laborious work of art was about twelve feet in width, and was composed of blocks of roughly-hewn stone set edgewise, not unlike the Roman roads that are frequently met with in England.

Situated at the entrance of a glen singularly deep and secluded, the principal ruins of GLENDALOUGH form an exceedingly picturesque group. As shown in the engraving, the first object that attracts attention is the stately Round Tower, one of the finest in the kingdom. It is about 110 feet in height, substantially built, and is composed of the species of slate which abounds in the neighbourhood, and also in part of granite. This tower differs but little from the most perfect structures of the same kind which are to be seen in many parts of Ireland. It is open at the top, having been divested of the characteristic conical roof by a storm in the present century.

Considerable discussion has arisen concerning the origin and use of these mysterious structures. Some authorities believe that they were temples of piety dedicated to the worship of the sun. It is thought that the Druid priest ascended to the top every morning to watch for sunrise, and on catching sight of the first rays, proclaimed the fact aloud. Others consider these relics to be nothing more than bell-towers. Their proximity to cathedrals and churches would seem to warrant the latter supposition.

Of the religious edifices of Glendalough, the Cathedral, which owes its origin to St. Kevin, is the most conspicuous. The ancient building was but 48 feet in length and 30 in breadth.



The architecture was of the rudest style. Three narrow windows in the southern wall of the nave, and the east window of the chancel, are still remaining. The western doorway, composed of blocks of granite, is also in tolerable preservation. Adjoining the Cathedral are the vestiges of a small structure called the Priest's House, which probably formed the sacristy.

St. Kevin's Kitchen, a very curious structure, with a stone roof, is one of the most perfect of the remains of these ecclesiastical edifices. It is 22 feet long by 15 wide, and 20 feet in height, the walls being 3 feet 6 inches thick. The remarkable round belfry, which springs from the west end of the church, is 45 feet high, and may easily be mistaken for a chimney; hence the name given to the structure. The building is evidently of very remote antiquity.

The Abbey, though now completely in ruins, is the most extensive and the most interesting of the architectural remains in the valley. It consisted originally of two buildings, lying parallel to each other, of rare and beautiful workmanship, adorned with curious sculptures; but of these only detached fragments are now visible. The remainder of the so-called Seven Churches are small buildings that call for no special mention. They are evidently very ancient, and are most interesting specimens of early Irish architecture. Numerous crosses, many of them broken, are to be seen scattered over the valley; one of these, formed of a single block of granite, is about 11 feet in height, and very richly wrought.

Most of the above remains are situated on the Lower Lake, which is about a quarter of a mile long. It is generally said to be that into which St. Patrick banished the last of the snakes; this honour, however, is claimed by several other lakes in the island. Half a mile higher up the valley is the Upper Lake, a

mile in length, celebrated as the scene of Kathleen's death. On the south side of the lake is the famous St. Kevin's Bed, a small cave hollowed in the face of the perpendicular rock, and overhanging at a considerable height the dark waters of the lake. The romantic tradition attached to this cave, even more than its singular situation, has given it an extraordinary celebrity. Moore, in one of his Irish melodies, has thus immortalised the legend of the saint and Kathleen :—

“By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,*
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep :
'Here, at last,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

“'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

* It is believed that the lark has never been known to sing over gloomy Glendalough. This fact is variously accounted for by tradition. One story says, that “when the Seven Churches were building, it was the skylarks that used every morning to call the men to their work. They had no watches in those days, and the song of the lark served as a signal that it was time to begin their labour. When the holy work was at an end, St. Kevin declared that no lark was worthy to succeed those pious birds that had helped in the building of the churches.” Another tradition relates that when the holy places were being built, the workmen took an oath to “begin with the lark and lie down with the lamb;” but the larks rose so early over the valley as to cause the men to rise long before they were refreshed, and in consequence many died from over-exertion, which so touched the heart of St. Kevin, that he prayed that no lark might ever sing over the spot again, thus saving his labourers' lives and their oaths at the same time. In these matter-of-fact days it is suggested that, as larks prefer broad meadows and corn-fields to deep rocky dells, the absence of those birds at Glendalough is not remarkable.

“ On the bold cliff’s bosom east,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last,
 Dreams of heav’n, nor thinks that e’er
 Woman’s smile can haunt him here :
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be :
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o’er him leans and weeps.

“ Fearless she had track’d his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat ;
 And when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah ! you saints have cruel hearts !
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

“ Glendalough ! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen’s grave ;
 Soon the saint (yet, ah ! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourn’d her fate —
 When he said, ‘ Heav’n rest her soul ! ’
 Round the lake light music stole ;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling o’er the fatal tide ! ”

To enter the Bed of St. Kevin is the ambition of most tourists, and much difference of opinion has been expressed regarding the difficulty of the enterprise. Mr. Otway thus narrates his visit to the Bed : “ By this time we had rowed under Kevin’s Bed, and, landing adjoining to it, ascended an inclined stratum of rock to a sort of ledge or resting-place, from whence I and some others prepared to enter the Bed. Here the guides make much ado about proposing their assistance ; but to any one who has common sense and enterprise, there is no serious difficulty, for, by the aid of certain holes in the rock, and points which you can easily grasp, you can turn into this little artificial cave, which, in fact, is not bigger than a small baker’s oven ; and were it not that it

hangs some twenty feet perpendicularly over the dark blue lake, this cavity, not larger than many a pig-sty I have seen excavated in the side of a bank, could not attract so many visitors. I and two young men who followed me, found it a very tight fit when crouched together in it. At the farther end there is a sort of pillow and peculiar excavation made for the saint's head, and the whole of the interior is tattooed with the initials of such as have adventured to come in."

Among the many signatures inscribed on the walls of the Bed is that of Sir Walter Scott (W. S.), carved by his son, when the great novelist visited Glendalough in 1825, in company with the talented Maria Edgeworth. At this time Scott was in declining health. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, who has given the following account of the visit to St. Kevin's Bed :—"It is a hole in the sheer surface of the rock, within which two or three people might sit. The difficulty of getting into this place has been exaggerated, as also the danger ; for it would only be falling about twenty feet into very deep water. Yet I never was more pained than when Sir Walter Scott, in spite of all remonstrances, would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded, and got in ! After he was gone, Lord Plunket, then Attorney-General, told the female guide he was a poet. ' Poet ! ' said she ; ' the devil a bit of him ; but an honourable gentleman. He gave me half-a-crown.' "

A still wilder part of this district is Glenmalure, through which runs the military road to the Vale of Ovoca, by the side of the Avonbeg. The character of this glen is altogether different from the picturesque beauty of the wooded Dargle, or the softer features of the Glen of the Downs ; its aspect is wild and impressive, the

rude and barren rocks which rise abruptly on either hand giving a savage grandeur to the scene. The head of Glenmahure, where the waters of a small stream, flowing down the precipitous face of a steep mountain, form the Ess Fall, is especially striking, and the outlet of Glenmahure, proceeding towards Rathdrum, is extremely pleasing. The valley expands, the hills slope gently away, and being wooded down to the banks of the river, the features of the landscape are not so wild and rugged as in the upper part of the glen.

A more picturesque route to the Vale of Ovoca is by a road to the east, passing through the Vale of Clara, through which flows the Avonmore river. The vale, which has little of the wild or striking in its character, is very beautiful.

At the junction of Glenmahure with the Vale of Ovoca, the most striking object is Castle Howard, perched on an eminence on the left of the river Avonmore, just above its famous junction with the Avonbeg. This romantic structure gains much in effect from its position on an elevation of 200 feet above the river. The view from the grounds embraces the surrounding hills and Vale of Ovoca. Directly below Castle Howard, the Avonbeg and the Avonmore, stealing forth from their secluded glens, unite their streams, and flow down the vale under the name of the Ovoca. The confluence of these rivers is generally termed "The Meeting of the Waters." Nature has here scattered her charms with a liberal hand; waving woods, clear waters, and verdant shores combine to render the scene one of surpassing softness and beautiful tranquillity. The attractions of the spot, however, in this respect, are not more conspicuous than those of other places in the immediate neighbourhood. Its real celebrity lies in the fact of

its being the scene of one of Moore's most exquisite lyrics ; his verses have conferred an undying fame on the Vale of Ovoca. We subjoin the four stanzas consecrated to the "Meeting of the Waters," and wish there were twenty-four :—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

"Yet, it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill :
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite still :

"'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

"Sweet Vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !"

The railroad follows the Ovoca ; on both sides the vale is clad with ferns, mosses, and golden saxifrage. Occasional glimpses of stately mansions are obtained, skilfully placed so as to command the best points of view. Midway in the valley there are copper and sulphur mines. Arriving at Wooden Bridge, a second meeting of the waters may be witnessed. The clear and rapid river Aughrim, after flowing through rich and verdant meadows, here falls into the Ovoca. This spot has been supposed by some to be the scene of Moore's poem : in a letter to a friend he says—
"The fact is, I wrote the song at neither place ; though I believe the scene under Castle Howard (first meeting) was the one that suggested it to me." After this confluence, the Ovoca glides

through widely-spreading plains, and between lofty and richly-planted hills, pursuing its course in an easterly direction to Arklow, passing on its way the extensive and beautiful grounds of Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow.

The town of Arklow is favourably situated on the south bank of the Ovoca, which here expands considerably, and after passing beneath the handsome bridge, flows into the sea about half a mile from the town. Like most of the seaports along the eastern shore, it has the disadvantage of a bar. The remains of an ancient castle still exist here ; but of its once famous abbey there are now no remains. Earl Carysfort's splendid mansion, Glenart Castle, is situated about a mile and a half from the town.

About three miles beyond Arklow the railroad crosses the boundary of the two counties and enters Wexford, proceeding onwards to Enniscorthy, and thence to the county town of Wexford.

We must now leave the lovely county of Wicklow, passing unnoticed innumerable objects of interest and beauty, to notice which would have far exceeded our space. We trust enough has been written to tempt some English tourists to visit a district so full of rich and varied scenery, and one so easily accessible from any part of England.



PART II.—MUNSTER.

CORK, WATERFORD, KERRY, LIMERICK, AND CLARE.





CORK AND WATERFORD.

County Cork: its Coast Line—Bantry Bay—Cork Harbour—Haulbowline, Spike, and Rocky Island—Queenstown—Black Rock Castle—City of Cork—Rostellan Castle—Castle Mary—Cloyne—Blarney: its Castle—The Blarney Stone—Youghal—The River Blackwater: Objects of Interest on its Banks—Cappoquin—Lismore: its Castle and Grounds—Mount Melleray Abbey.

THE County of Cork, in the province of Munster, is the largest county in Ireland. It is admirably situated for commerce, possessing a coast line of about one hundred miles, indented with noble bays and harbours. The chief of these is Cork Harbour, not only in connection with the capital of the county, but as being one of the most extensive and commodious in the kingdom. Eastward from Cork Harbour is Ballycotton Bay and Youghal Harbour; westward, we have Kinsale Harbour, the lesser harbours of Ross and Glandore, and a line of coast bold, various, and rich in marine scenery of unequalled beauty. Passing Baltimore Bay, we reach the well-known island of Cape Clear. Dunmanus Bay is the first harbour of any note met with after doubling Mizen Head, and finally the far-famed BANTRY BAY. This noble-spreading bay presents a scene of surpassing grandeur and loveliness to the spectator sailing up from the entrance of the harbour

to the town of Bantry. The length of the Bay exceeds twenty miles, in breadth it varies from three to eight miles, and in some places it is forty fathoms in depth. The shores of this vast sheet of water are agreeably diversified; on the north side, the mountain barriers which confine it seem to start up precipitously from the water's edge, and give a wild and impressive character to the scenery. The Bay is studded with islands, of which Bere Island and Whiddy are the principal. Around all, the blue, lofty chain of Killarney and the Reeks, Glengariff and Gougane Barra, with other mountains of the boldest and most fantastic outlines, encompass this magnificent picture.

The City of Cork, sometimes called the metropolis of Munster, may be reached seaward by steamer from London, calling at Plymouth, once a week; from Liverpool and Bristol twice a week. The harbour is one of the most important and beautiful in the kingdom, and is said to be large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. Entered by two bold headlands, the harbour widens out into a noble expanse of sea, dotted with three small islands—Haulbowline, Spike, and Rocky Island. Behind these is the Great Island, on the south side of which is Queenstown, originally called Cove. This town has been long famed for the salubrity of its air, and is much resorted to by invalids. It is built on the side of a steep hill, facing the harbour, from which it is distant about four miles. The heights above the town command splendid views of the extensive anchorage below.

The passage from Queenstown to Cork by the steamer is a delightful trip of about ten miles, the sides of the river presenting continuous scenes of the richest beauty. Monkstown, a thriving little place, is passed, with the ruins of its ancient castle standing

in a commanding situation on the overhanging hill. Glenbrook, a pretty village with baths, and Passage, a little watering-place about six miles from Cork, are the next stations. The Castle of Black Rock, a conspicuous and beautiful object as we approach the city, is picturesquely situated on the extremity of a peninsula. It is a modern construction, but at a distance it presents the appearance of a formidable old castle. At night the lighthouse of Black Rock displays its guiding beacon. We have now arrived at the quays of Cork, having glanced at a few of the beauties of this "noble sea avenue," as it has been called.

The tourist coming from Dublin would reach Cork by the Great Southern and Western Railway, the distance being about 165 miles, passing through portions of five counties; if he were so disposed, breaking the journey to visit objects of interest on the route.

Cork holds rank as the second city of Ireland, in extent, population, and commercial importance. The river Lee flows through it in two channels, converting the principal portion of the city into an island. This island is connected with the shores on either side by six bridges, four spanning the stream on the south, and two on the north. The city, though well built, is not equal to Dublin in the number and beauty of its public buildings.

Queen's College stands on an eminence south of the river Lee. The building is of quadrangular shape, its principal front facing the north, and displaying a remarkably grand and beautiful appearance. In the centre of this front rises a fine embattled tower. East of the town are situated the lecture and examination halls of the college, both light and elegant structures of the Pointed Gothic style of architecture.

Shandon Church (St. Ann's) has a good chime of bells, which have become celebrated on account of the number of lyrics which they have given rise to. We quote the following exquisite poem, by the Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), in which he pays the tribute of fond recollection to his native city, and the "magic spells" of his childhood :—

“ With deep affection and recollection
 I often think of the Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee !
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

“ I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music spoke nought to thine !
 For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

“ I have heard bells tolling ‘ old Adrian’s mole ’ in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
 With cymbals glorious, singing uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o’er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 Oh ! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

“ ‘ There’s a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko,
 In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem more dear to me—
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee! ”

The Custom House is a considerable building, situated at the confluence of the two branches of the stream, on the eastern side of the city.

Among the excursions that may be taken from Cork is a pleasant trip by steamer daily to Aghada, on the southern shore of the harbour, *en route* for Cloyne. On the way, Rostellan Castle is passed, once the seat of the O'Briens, Marquises of Thomond. The modern mansion, beautifully situated on a wooded promontory commanding a fine view of the harbour, occupies the site of an ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds. Passing the little hamlet of Laleen, we come to the house and demesne of Castle Mary, in the vicinity of which is one of those Druidical remains known as *cromlechs*.

Cloyne, distant about a mile from Castle Mary, is pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence that rises from the southern vale of Imokilly. It was formerly the seat of the bishop of the diocese of that name, but now it has little besides its antiquarian interest to invite the attention of the traveller. The ancient name of the place was “the Retreat of the Caves,”—the propriety of the designation being evident from the numerous caves of great extent which exist in the neighbourhood. The pious St. Coleman erected a church here in the sixth century. The edifice must have been a small, low building, exceedingly plain and simple. The portions that remain consist of the choir, the nave, and the north and south transepts. The former was reconstructed in 1776 by

Bishop Agar, in a style not at all in character with the original design. In the adjoining churchyard are the ruins of a small building called by some the "Fire-house:" it is evidently of great antiquity. At a short distance from the church stands a remarkable specimen of the ancient round tower.

The renowned Blarney is five miles from Cork, and may be reached by rail or car. The principal object of curiosity is the old Castle, which stands on a rock, at the base of which flows a small river. A massive square tower 120 feet high is all that now remains of the extensive defences which once covered an enormous extent of ground. A portion of the Castle proper also remains, the roof and most of the floors of which have, however, disappeared. One of these apartments, the "Earl's Chamber," is a cheerful room, lighted by a large bay-window, overlooking the adjacent country. This stronghold was erected in the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy. The grounds attached to the Castle—the celebrated "Groves"—have still a charm about them, although their beauty has sadly faded; the fine old timber has been felled, and the statues and rustic adornments have disappeared.

To the "Blarney Stone," however, the Castle owes more of its celebrity than to its historic recollections. A curious and inexplicable tradition attributes to it the magic power of "endowing whoever kisses it with the sweet, persuasive, wheedling eloquence so perceptible in the language of the Cork people, and which is generally termed *blarney*." Some perplexity exists as to the identity of this wonderful stone. Competent authorities assert that the "real" stone is about twenty feet from the top of the lofty tower, in such a position that no man could possibly kiss it, unless he happened to be a bird, or a member of the Alpine Club.

It had also been the custom to point out a stone a few feet below the battlements, which the very daring only would run the hazard of saluting. To avoid the temptation of this dangerous exploit, the proprietor had the stone removed from the wall and placed on the top of the tower, where it could be kissed without risk. Now the candidate for Blarney honours will be glad to know that the stone has been placed on the lawn, where it is still more accessible. The visitor, however, who ascends the narrow staircase of the tower will be amply rewarded for his exertions on reaching the top, which commands a fine view over lake and meadow, and over “the Groves of Blarney,” renowned in song.

It is certainly a “curiosity of literature” that a few nonsense verses should succeed in gaining a world-wide notoriety for a place which otherwise would scarcely have been celebrated beyond its own vicinity. “The Groves of Blarney” was written in 1799, by Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney of Cork. The author little anticipated the celebrity his lines were destined to acquire ; they were intended to burlesque the wordy ditties with which ignorant pedants used to astonish the village circles. We quote a sample of this famous song :—

“The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks ;
All graced by posies that spontaneous grow there,
And planted in order in the rocky nooks.
’Tis there the daisy and sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and rose so fair,
The daffodownlilly, besides the lily,
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.

“There’s statues gracing this noble mansion,
All heathen gods and goddesses so fair :
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
All standing in the open air.

So now to finish this bold narration,
 That my poor genii could not entwine ;
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 In every feature I'd make it shine."

The following lines, referring to the Blarney Stone, were added by Father Prout :—

"There is a boat on the lake to float on,
 And lots of beauties which I can't entwine ;
 But were I a preacher or a classic teacher,
 In every feature I'd make 'em shine.
 There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
 Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent ;
 In he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of parliament.

"A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
 An out-and-outer 'to be let alone ;'
 Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder him—
 Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Blarney Lake, a short distance from the Castle, is a pretty sheet of water, connected with a tradition of a herd of white cows that at certain seasons rise out of the lake to graze on the pastures on its banks. A very fine cromlech stands within the grounds of the Castle, and a number of pillar-stones may be seen in the neighbourhood.

The visitor to Cork should not miss the excursion by rail to Youghal, from whence a steamer proceeds up the Blackwater to Cappoquin, one of the most delightful trips in the south of Ireland. The ancient town of Youghal is situated on the western bank of the Blackwater, the mouth of which forms the harbour. Although a fine and well-sheltered bay, it is rendered inaccessible to large vessels by a bar. The strand in the neighbourhood, consisting of fine white sand, affords excellent accommodation for

bathing. Some interesting ecclesiastical ruins are seen in the town, among them the old church of Youghal, portions of which are still used as a place of worship, having been restored from a state of ruin. The church contains many interesting tombs. On a hill above the town is pointed out the spot where the first potato, brought from America by Sir Walter Raleigh, was cultivated. His house, erected by him in 1586, still stands in the town, near the church. It is a fine specimen of the Elizabethan style of architecture, in good preservation, possessing some splendid oak carving. The house is now called Myrtle Grove, from the fine specimens of that shrub which grow in the garden.

Starting from Youghal Quay, the steamer soon arrives at the wooden bridge, a striking and important structure, where the Blackwater river proper is entered. Rhinerew Abbey next arrests the tourist's attention; it is situated on a bold promontory above the river, and, notwithstanding its present ruined state, is a very interesting feature. This abbey originally belonged to the Knights Templars. The square embattled tower is the remains of Temple Michael, said to have been built by the Templars to guard the channel at this point. Passing up the river, the fine mansion and ruin of Ballinatray present themselves. This interesting and beautiful spot is a popular place of resort in the summer season. We next arrive at the ruins of old Strancally Castle, which are almost confounded with the moss-grown rocks on which they stand, directly over the river. New Strancally Castle, taking its name from the old castle just mentioned, stands at a short distance from its predecessor. It is a richly ornamented structure, in the florid Gothic style of architecture, displaying great variety in its numerous details. The building is surrounded with noble trees,

through which its architectural features are seen to great advantage. Not far from this mansion the river Bride falls into the Blackwater.

Two miles further is Dromana, the fine seat of Lord Stuart de Decies. It is charmingly situated on the verge of an eminence that rises precipitously from the river. From the grounds of the castle, which are freely open to visitors, fine views of the mountains and the river are obtained. Higher up, on the opposite side of the river, are the ancient Castle of Tourin and the modern mansion of the same name. On through a succession of interesting views and we arrive at Cappoquin, and the end of the steamer's journey.

Lismore is rather less than four miles from Cappoquin. The ride is very charming on either side of the river, the banks being enriched with the most luxuriant plantations. The town is well built and remarkably clean ; its chief attraction, however, is the Castle of the Duke of Devonshire.

LISMORE CASTLE was founded on the ruins of an abbey erected by John, Earl of Moreton, and Lord of Ireland. After being destroyed by the Irish, and undergoing various other fortunes, it was rebuilt, and became an episcopal residence ; till at length, in 1589, it passed with the rest of the manor to Sir Walter Raleigh, and was afterwards sold by him to Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. In 1626, the famous Robert Boyle was born within its walls. In the rebellion of 1641 it withstood successfully a siege by five thousand Irish, under Sir Richard Belling. Two years after, the castle was attacked again by a still greater force, and again remained triumphant ; but in 1645 it was at length taken by Lord Castlehaven. From the Boyle family Lismore passed



into that of Cavendish in 1748, by the marriage of Lady Charlotte Boyle, daughter of the fourth Earl of Cork, to the fourth Duke of Devonshire.

The present building is a noble pile ; its position, overhanging the river, is very commanding. A fine view of the Castle can be obtained from the bridge at its foot, as the grand portions of it display their rich façades to this point of view. The main structure is of great antiquity, but much of it has been restored. “At the eastern angle of the river face, the tower of King James rises, and to the rear, towards the town, that which is called King John’s. The former derives its name from having been the resting-place of James II. during the war of the Revolution ; the latter, as the scene of the first British Parliament held in Ireland under the presidency of King John.” Among the extensive additions contemplated by the late Duke is the Carlisle Tower, named after the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by whom the foundation-stone was laid. Had these works been carried out, they would have entitled Lismore Castle to rank amongst the noblest residences in Great Britain.

Among the state apartments of the Castle are the dining-room, which is of ample dimensions, richly decorated and splendidly furnished ; the Duke’s private room and the grand drawing-room, equally well furnished, and containing pictures of rare merit. From the windows of these apartments views of the most extensive and charming description are obtained. The billiard-room is a large and lofty saloon, lighted by a dome in the daytime, and by an elegant chandelier at night. The ball-room also is a magnificent chamber, richly embellished. The decorations of the several rooms are of the most gorgeous and beautiful description.

The pleasure-grounds and gardens are laid out with exquisite taste. One of the attractions is the terrace, the favourite walk of the late Duke ; from this delightful promenade admirable views are obtained. A flight of steps—still called Sir Walter Raleigh's—lead from the terrace. The gardens contain an immense variety of rare and valued plants. The Old Yew Walk, of more than a hundred years' standing, is a great curiosity ; the fine old trees growing into each other form a continuous natural arch of one hundred and fifty feet in length. The Castle and the grounds are liberally open for the inspection of visitors.

Not far from Lismore is the celebrated Abbey of Mount Melleray ; it is situated on the sloping side of a hilly range beneath the Lismore and Cappoquin mountains. This singular community was originally formed by some French Cistercian monks, driven from France by the Revolution of 1830 : the members are now nearly all of English or Irish birth. On their arrival in Ireland their number amounted to about fifty. The ground upon which the abbey is built was then a stony waste, of which the proprietor granted a lease at a nominal rent. It has been brought into cultivation by the labour of their hands ; and it is really surprising to behold what their patience and toil have achieved on soil so unpromising. The monastery, the church, the school, the workshops and various offices, are all the work of the brethren of the Order, who number among them tradesmen of every description.

“ On the occasion of my visit,” says Mr. Lacy, “ I was so far favoured as to be accompanied by one of the brotherhood through the whole of this large and interesting establishment. I was first shown through the beautiful church, and was forcibly struck with the style and grandeur of the magnificent altar, the entire of

which, including its chaste and various ornaments, is also the work of the members of the brotherhood. This elegant church is appropriated exclusively to the use of the members of the community. I was next shown through the outer chapel, which is divided by a partition from the former ; it is a commodious place of worship, and is open to the people of the neighbouring district. We next visited the chapter-room, or lecture-hall, a fine oblong chamber, at the upper end of which is situated the abbot's throne, beneath a splendid representation of our Redeemer's crucifixion. Beside the throne are the seats of the prior and sub-prior, and along the sides of the hall are stalls for the brethren of the Order, according to seniority. The dining-hall is a chamber of the same form and dimensions as that last mentioned, with a seat for the abbot beneath a crucifix, and beside it, as in the former instance, seats for the prior and sub-prior ; the brethren also take their places according to seniority. Flesh meat is never used in this establishment, the community living upon vegetables and milk. The brethren bake their own bread, cook their own food, and make their own clothing and all other necessities. In the dormitory, a large oblong room, the sleeping places are divided from each other, and a plain curtain drawn across the entrance to each compartment, over which the name of the brother to whom it belongs is labelled. The articles of bedding were plain, but perfectly clean, and, according to my notion, scanty. Accommodation is afforded here for some seventy or eighty brothers, but several of the compartments were unfurnished, as the number of the community at this time did not exceed between fifty and sixty individuals. I next proceeded, attended by the kind brother, to view the cemetery, noticing the tomb of the first abbot, Dr. Ryan, and

also the graves of several of the brethren of the Order ; a plain cross stood at the head of each grave. The building forms a spacious quadrangle, around which run the cloisters. A rigid silence is observed in all the principal portions of the abbey, and the ominous and awe-inspiring word is written on several parts of the interior. This ordinance is punctually observed in the church, the chapter-room, dining-hall, and dormitory ; in other parts of the institution an exception to this severe rule is allowed. The habits of the lay brothers are brown, with a cowl, which they raise when they enter the church and other parts of the abbey ; the clerics of the Order wear white habits. My final visit was to the school, which is situated about one hundred yards from the abbey."





KERRY

Routes to Killarney—Bantry—Glengariff—Kenmare—Lough Allua—Gougane Barra—Pass of Keimaneigh—Killarney: General Description of the Lakes—The Upper Lake—The Long Range—The Middle Lake—Torc Mountain—Muckross Abbey—The Lower Lake—Aghadoe—Gap of Dunloe—Black Valley—Macgillicuddy's Reeks—Mangerton Mountain—Glen of the Horse—Lough Guitane.

KILLARNEY may be reached direct by rail from Dublin, the distance being about 186 miles; or direct from Cork, *via* Mallow Junction, distance 61 miles. To the lovers of picturesque scenery there are also two charming routes to Killarney from Cork, embracing some of the most beautiful mountain districts of the south-west of Ireland. The first route is by rail to Dunmanway; thence by coach and car to Bantry, Glengariff, and Kenmare. Bantry is a picturesque little town, finely situated at the head of its unrivalled bay, of which fine views are obtained from the eminences around. A mountain road leads to Glengariff. This lovely glen is about three miles in length, and about a quarter of a mile in width; the precipitous rocks which enclose it are clothed with yew, holly, and arbutus, which flourish luxuriantly, and a mountain stream forces its way through this Alpine valley. A fine view of the glen is obtained from the Berhaven road, near

Cromwell's Bridge, from whence the spectator beholds the dark woods, hills, and rushing streams of Glengariff, the lofty mountains of Berehaven, the bold shores of Bantry Bay, and, afar off, the ocean. The road from Glengariff to Kenmare lies through a mountain district, affording grand views of the valleys beneath. Near the summit of this mountain ridge the road passes through a tunnel, 600 feet long, cut in the rock. Within this tunnel a fissure marks the boundary between the counties of Cork and Kerry. From here to Kenmare the road is less wild. This is a neat and pleasant little town, entered by a suspension bridge over the river. Between Kenmare and Killarney the aspect of the country begins to mellow into the softer traits of the Lake scenery; the hills are partially wooded, and the crags which overhang the road are tufted with rich verdure. On reaching the summit of the road the mountains of Killarney come into view, and shortly after the tourist beholds the far-famed Lakes.

A second picturesque route to Killarney is by rail from Cork to Macroom, thence by road to Inchigeelagh, diverging westward to Lough Allua and Gougane Barra, through the Pass of Keimaneigh to Bantry, thence by Glengariff and Kenmare, as before. Lough Allua is a beautiful sheet of water, about three miles in length, and in some places nearly a mile in breadth. It is dotted with numerous pretty islands. After passing this lake, the river contracts itself into a narrow stream, and the traveller approaches, through narrow defiles and deep glens, the sequestered lake of Gougane Barra. The lake, which is situated in a deep mountain recess, is enclosed on every side except the east with steep and rocky hills, down whose sides several mountain streams pour their limpid waters. In the centre of the lake is a small island, on which was

the dwelling of St. Fiann Bar. The ruins of the hermitage may still be seen. A native poet, named Callanan, has happily described, in verse, the features of this celebrated island; we quote the opening lines :—

“There is a green island in low Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of song rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond, a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright’ning
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
And the waters rush down ’mid the thunder’s deep rattle,
Like the clans from the hills, at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Maolagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?”

Returning to the main road, the Pass of Keimaneigh is reached, which for picturesque and gloomy grandeur is scarcely surpassed even in this region of romantic glens and mountain defiles. Through this Pass runs the road to Bantry, whence the tourist will proceed by way of Glengariff and Kenmare to Killarney, as already traced.

By approaching the Lakes from the Kenmare road, a bird’s-eye view of this renowned district is obtained. From this elevation the three bodies of water appear spread out below the eye, with their islands and mountain shores, in a landscape of which no description can convey an adequate idea. Before noticing the special objects of interest connected with the Lakes, it will be useful to give Mr. Lacy’s general description of these celebrated waters :—

“The Upper Lake, the Middle or Tore Lake, and the Lower

Lake, communicate with each other, and were early known under the general designation of Lake Lene. Indeed, the three lakes are in reality one vast sheet of water, divided only by islands and narrow channels, the passage between the Lower and Middle Lakes being so circumscribed as not to exceed a small bridge's length. These lakes are in the centre of a range of lofty mountains—one of which is among the most elevated hills in Ireland—which are generally clothed or dotted with evergreen shrubs and stately forest trees of magnificent growth, from the base almost to the summit. The Upper Lake lies quite embosomed in the mountains; the other two, being at the exterior base of the chain of hills, are bounded on one side alone by mountains. In the opposite direction, which may be called the east and north, they unfold themselves to an open and cultivated country, whose surface is enriched and diversified by innumerable undulations, which occasionally swell into finely rounded hills. The Middle and Lower Lakes are nearly upon the same level, and lie contiguous to each other, being separated merely by the narrow peninsula, Muckross, and the small islands known as Brickeen and Dinis, between which there are channels for boats. From the Middle Lake the Upper stands about three miles distant, and is situated at the head of a navigable river, which flows through a romantic valley or defile that bears the name of the Long Range. Near the termination of its course this river divides into two branches, one of which flows in peaceful tranquillity towards the west, and falls into the Bay of Gleng, in the Lower Lake; while the other, forcing its way through a rocky channel in a north-easterly direction, issues with considerable impetuosity into the Middle Lake, under the rich woods of Dinis Island. The river separates

immediately after passing the Old Weir Bridge ; and the beautiful place where the waters of the three lakes mingle is called ‘The Meeting of the Waters.’ These celebrated lakes are considered to be about thirty miles in circumference ; and the distance between the two extreme points—the head of the Upper Lake and the river Laune, which is situated at the foot of the Lower Lake—is about eleven miles. The Laune forms the outlet for the waters of the lakes, by which they are conveyed to the harbour of Castlemaine, where they fall into the great Atlantic. The Long Range, as a matter of course, is included in the above estimated distance of eleven miles ; while the greatest width does not exceed two and a half miles. In the Upper Lake there are several islands, but none of large size ; in the Middle Lake there are only two, which are also of small size ; while the Lower Lake contains upwards of thirty, including islands, islets, and island rocks.”

The tour of the Lakes is usually commenced at Lord Brandon’s cottage, which is situated close to the Upper Lake. McCarthy More’s Island is the first object pointed out by the boatmen. The origin of the name is uncertain. It is matter of history that the county Kerry at one period was owned by two chiefs, O’Sullivan and McCarthy : one of the McCarthys may have dwelt or found refuge on the island.

A cluster of islands is next met with, of which Ronan’s Island is the largest. This island is said to have derived its name from an Englishman, who, being attracted by its romantic situation, made it his home, and continued to dwell upon it for many years in complete seclusion, avoiding all society, and seldom leaving it except to shoot or fish. Eagle Island and Duck and Stag Islands are others of the same group.

Arbutus Island is one of the largest on the Upper Lake. It is completely covered with the beautiful plant whose name it bears. All the islands have a share of this "myrtle of Killarney," and the roadsides in the vicinity are plentifully adorned with it. Juniper Island is also pointed out, which, as may be supposed, derives its appellation from the trees of that name which so plentifully grow upon it.

Though the smallest of the three, the Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence and fine mountain girdle. Perfectly distinct in the character of its romantic scenery from that of the Torc and Lower Lake, it combines many of the softer beauties of wood and water with all the stern sublimity of mountain scenery. Embosomed amidst majestic mountains, whose fantastical summits pierce the sky, the lake appears to be completely landlocked. "At various points bright mountain streams may be seen pouring down the glens and deep ravines—now leaping from rock to rock, and flashing, like living silver, in the broad sunlight; now glittering in the shade of the dark foliage, till they are lost in the shining waters of the broad lake. A number of islets of the most picturesque forms are also scattered over its surface: some of them are mere masses of naked rocks; others, on the contrary, are redundant in vegetation, producing trees, shrubs, and plants in the wildest profusion; amongst which the arbutus, with its tempting berries, and the mountain-ash, with its scarlet clusters glowing through the dark shining foliage of the holly-tree, are prominently conspicuous in the autumn season. In several instances the action of the water has worn away the lower parts of the rocks composing these islands, giving to the overhanging portions the resemblance of masses of giant architecture, thrown

confusedly together by some convulsion of nature. In other places the rocks are completely perforated, forming natural arches, sufficiently large for boats to pass through."

On the eastern side of this lake is Derryeunnihy Cascade, so much admired by her Majesty the Queen when she paid her visit to the Lakes in the autumn of 1861.

At the eastern end the lake narrows into a lovely creek or inlet, the entrance to which is between two lofty crags. Within these lies a spacious and beautiful sheet of water, hemmed in by rugged precipitous rocks and thick overhanging trees. This charming retreat has received from the boatmen the unexpressive name of Newfoundland. To the north of this bay begins the Long Range, —a river about three miles long, connecting the Upper with the Middle Lake. Throughout this channel every rock or islet has its name or legend. About midway is the far-famed Eagle's Nest ; it is a rugged, cone-shaped mountain, about 1,700 feet in height, thickly wooded at its base, but bare towards the summit. Among the crags of this rock the eagle builds its eyry, and from this circumstance the mountain derives its name. At this spot also may be evoked one of the most charming of the Killarney echoes. "To produce the desired effect, a small cannon is sometimes discharged ; each explosion awakening a succession of echoes, like peals of thunder, breaking on the startled ear with a deafening crash that seems to shake the mountain to its granite foundations, and followed by another and another till the reverberations are lost in the hoarse and indistinct murmurs of the distant hills. A bugle sounded under the Eagle's Nest produces, on the contrary, a series of wild and solemn melodies."

Passing some minor objects of interest, we come to the Old

Weir Bridge, which consists of two arches, only one of which, however, affords a passage for boats. The waters of the Upper Lake, rushing through this bridge with considerable impetuosity, create a strong current, which the boatmen designate "The Rapids." We are now in the Middle Lake, called also Muckross and Tore Lake, and opposite DINIS ISLAND. On it is built a cottage, furnished with every requisite for the entertainment of visitors. Here, by arrangement with the hotel-keeper, dinner may be in waiting for the tourist. This island, which is of considerable extent, is well wooded, and commands a fine view of Tore Mountain. The Middle Lake is not so much esteemed by tourists; it is less crowded with islands than the other lakes, and partakes more of the character of English lake scenery; nevertheless, it is a magnificent sheet of water. The principal islands are Dinis and Brickeen, which separate it from the Lower and larger lake. Brickeen seems a continuation of the peninsula of Muckross, from which a narrow stream separates it. Upon this peninsula is the far-famed Muckross Abbey.

Tore Mountain, from its noble appearance and great altitude, is a striking feature in our view. It is 1,764 feet in height, and rises on the southern shore of the Middle Lake, to which it also gives the name of Tore Lake. The Cascade, which is formed on this mountain, properly speaking belongs to the Great Mangerton, as it is fed by the overflowing of the Devil's Punch-bowl on a part of its summit. The visitor is admitted by a gate which leads to a path lined with holly, arbutus, and other evergreens. As he ascends, the rush of waters is heard; at a sudden turning the cataract suddenly bursts upon the view. At times the torrent is very great, and its waters are precipitated in a sheet of white



foam over a projection of the rock, from a height of sixty or seventy feet, forming numerous cascades in its descent. Its waters then resume their impetuous course through a narrow ravine, amidst plantations of fir and pine trees, and tastefully arranged pleasure-grounds, until they fall into the lake. A winding pathway leads to a spot from whence is obtained a fine view of the Middle and Lower Lakes. On ascending still higher a panorama of unrivalled beauty is unfolded, perhaps not equalled even in Ireland.

On the eastern shores of the Middle and Lower Lakes are situated the ruins of the renowned Muckross Abbey. This famous abbey, which was formerly called Irelagh, was founded by the McCarthys in 1440. It owes its present state of preservation to repairs which it received in 1602, and subsequently in 1662. The church consisted of a nave and choir, separated by a small belfry, which is pierced by a narrow Gothic door connecting the nave and choir. Within the walls of Muckross Abbey some of the Irish kings are supposed to be interred. The vault of the McCarthy Mores is placed in the centre of the choir, and a stately monument designates the resting-place of the O'Donoghues of the Glens. The tower, with its slender and beautifully groined Gothic arches, is an interesting monument of antiquity. The court-yard, which is of quadrangular shape, the cloisters, and the matchless yew-tree in the centre of the square, are also objects of great interest. The cloisters run along the four sides of the court-yard, from which they are divided by handsome Gothic arches. Those on the east and west are different in their style of architecture from those on the north and south; one set of them being of Pointed character, and the other Round, or Norman. The tree, which is eight hundred years

old, has ever been regarded with the deepest religious veneration by the peasantry, many of whom shrink back with terror on entering within its precincts. On the second storey above the range of cloisters may be seen the library, the dining-hall, and the kitchen, with various cellars and offices. An oratory or small chapel is situated on the north side of the ruin.

The large fireplace of the kitchen was taken possession of for a dormitory, by a hermit of the name of Drake, about a hundred years ago. He lived here for eleven years. As may be conjectured, his strange life gave rise to numerous tales more or less improbable. The belief among the peasantry was, that he had committed some crime which demanded severe atonement, and that his penance was to be made within the precincts of Muckross Abbey. He appeared to be under forty years of age, and made no effort to gain a reputation for sanctity. He never asked alms, nor would receive more at a time than a single penny; he never ate in any dwelling but his own, if so it might be called; and yet he had enough to pay for his potatoes and fish at all times, and to bestow a halfpenny and his prayers on those who seemed more miserable than himself. He was seldom, if ever, seen at chapel, though he prayed daily at particular spots in the abbey-yard, devoting the remainder of the day to the cultivation of his garden. It was reported and believed that the anchorite had frequent wrestlings in the flesh with the Evil One, and that it was only by prayer and fasting he was able to overcome. He was gentle and cheerful, kind to children, and was much respected by the people. One day he was nowhere to be seen; search was made for him, but without success; nothing was ever heard of him. The conjectures as to his disappearance were numerous and various.



The portion of ground on the south of the church was for ages the favourite cemetery of the peasantry of the surrounding district ; and it was not uncommon for persons who died at great distances from this place, to lay their injunctions on their friends and relatives to have their remains conveyed thither for sepulture, firmly convinced that their spirits would not enjoy rest if their mortal part was consigned to any earth but that of the blessed Muckross.

Muckross House, the elegant seat of H. A. Herbert, Esq., M.P. for the county of Kerry, adjoins the Abbey. The mansion is a highly ornamental building, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, situated immediately north of the Great Mangerton. The public are liberally allowed to walk and drive through these lovely grounds. A good road makes the circuit of the domain and the islands Brickeen and Dinis, and joins the high road about a mile from Tore Cottage.

The LOWER LAKE, or Lough Lene, is much larger than either of the other lakes. Its greatest length is five miles and breadth three miles. There are upwards of thirty islands and rocks in this lake, but very few of them are of large proportions. The largest islands are Ross Island, Innisfallen, and Rabbit Island. The chief features of the Lower Lake are its wide placid surface, like an inland sea, with quite a ripple on its waves, and its numerous islands, richly covered with evergreens, shrubs, and even ash and other forest trees. Innumerable bays and inlets of surpassing beauty indent its shores, affording charming and interesting retreats.

Passing under Brickeen Bridge into the Lower Lake, Glenna Bay is entered. On the shore stands the beautiful cottage and grounds

of Lady Kenmare, at the foot of Glenna Mountain, which is richly covered with wood. Continuing along the south-western shore, we come to O'Sullivan's Cascade, which is shown to strangers as one of the greatest beauties of Killarney. "The stream, which bursts from the deep bosom of a woody glen, throws itself over the face of a high perpendicular rock into a basin concealed from the spectator's view; from this basin it forces itself impetuously between two rocks into another reservoir. This second fall is of considerable height, but the third and lower one is the most striking in its appearance. Each of these basins being large, there appears a space of several yards between the three falls; and the whole being as it were embowered within a woody arch, the effect is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful."

Ross Island is usually the first island visited in the Lower Lake. It is more properly speaking a peninsula than an island, being separated from the main land by an artificial channel which is crossed by a bridge. Ross Island is about two miles from Killarney, and contains about eighty acres, plantation measure. It has been beautifully laid out, and formed into rich plantations and ornamental gardens, intersected with nice walks and pleasant drives. On the southern point of the island we come upon a copper mine, opened in 1804 by Colonel Hall. He obtained undoubted proof that the mine had been previously worked, but at a very remote period, when mining as an art was utterly unknown. Several rude stone hammers were discovered. A groove had evidently been cut, or rather rubbed round them, so as to attach them to a handle by a strap, perhaps of leather; and the larger end, against which the blows were struck, was obviously worn by use. Another circumstance corroborative of the assumption that

the mine had been previously worked, was that the miners found the remains of fires all along the vein. These fires must have been lit in order to consume the limestone in which the ore was bedded, so as to form a natural smelting house in the quarry.

The principal historical object of interest on the island is the fine ruin of Ross Castle, which, with its extensive lawn and other appendages, covers an area of an acre of ground. "The watch or warder's tower stands somewhat apart from the castle itself, three guns being planted on the barbican, or outward wall. This once formidable stronghold is not so much injured by the hand of time as many others which are to be seen in this part of Ireland. It is a tall, square embattled pile, based on a limestone rock, and is supported by massive buttresses on the land side, while fortified defences project at its north-east and north-west angles. There is a grand room in the centre of the first storey of the castle, with a large fireplace and a massive chimneypiece of coarse marble. The summit, from which there are magnificent views, is approached by a winding stone stairs of one hundred steps. This fine remnant of the once strong and defensive hold, which afforded ample protection to the feudal chief and his numerous followers, is said to have been erected about the fourteenth century by a descendant of the race of O'Donoghue, the king of the district and lord of the Lakes."

Ross Castle is famous in history as being the last in Munster to hold out against the Parliamentary army. On the 26th July, 1652, Lord Muskerry had been defeated in the county Cork. Retreating to Ross Castle, he held out against the repeated attacks of General Ludlow. When, however, the garrison saw a number of armed boats, each capable of containing one hundred and

twenty men, which Ludlow placed on the lake, they became so terrified, by the apparent fulfilment of a prophecy that the castle could only be taken by vessels of war, that they lost all confidence, and in their panic surrendered to the enemy. Ludlow, in his memoirs, thus narrates the incident :—“ When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy ; which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them.”

Many legends are told of the kings or chiefs who were the ancient owners of this island. One of them relates to the O'Donoghue of the Lakes, whose ruined castle we have just been describing. By a species of enchantment he was said to have been doomed to dwell beneath the waters of the lake, and there must remain until by an annual, or, as some say, a septennial ride over the surface of the lake, the silver shoes of his white horse are worn out by coming in contact with its waves. Once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs, fairies hovering before him, and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence everything returns to its former state of magnificence : his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house are reproduced as in olden time. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake may cross even the deepest parts dry-footed, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures lie concealed, and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift in

return for his company ; but before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue recrosses the water, and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle.

The next island of importance is Innisfallen. Near it a small rocky islet is pointed out, called O'Donoghue's Prison. Here it is said the renowned prince confined a disobedient son and some of his rebellious associates. Innisfallen is universally admitted to be the most beautiful and interesting of the Lake islands. At a distance the island appears to be densely covered with timber and gigantic evergreens. The trees are of larger growth than common, the ash and holly thriving to the best advantage ; the arbutus also flourishes here in abundance, its fine foliage adding much to the charm of the scenery. This evergreen not only contributes to the beauty of the Lakes, but supplies material for the manufacture of pretty toys and useful articles, as well as furnishing the celebrated skivers on which salmon steaks are broiled for the refecton of hungry tourists. On landing, the interior of the island affords views of lovely green glades and shady alleys. The rich and varied sylvan scenery is very charming ; while the undulating surface, consisting of hill and dale, slope and plain, rock and ravine, gives a picturesque completeness to the whole.

The Abbey of Innisfallen—of which some ruins are scattered over the island—is said to have been founded by St. Finian the Leper, in 600. The walls are of plain masonry. The most interesting portion of the remains of antiquity is a small oratory or chapel, in tolerable preservation, with a richly embellished Norman doorway, one or two of the windows being in the same style. “It appears that this island was originally called Innis Nessan, from the father of the founder of its venerable abbey, who

was descended from one of the most renowned Munster kings ; but it was subsequently changed to its present name, as being more descriptive of its natural beauty. In the course of time the Abbey came under the rule of Regular Canons of the Order of St. Augustine, and became famous on account of the ‘Annals of Innisfallen,’ compiled by some of the brethren. These annals, which were written on vellum, have been carefully preserved, and are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. They are regarded as being amongst the earliest and most authentic of the ancient Irish records. The manuscript contains fifty-seven quarto leaves, the earlier portion comprising a history of ancient times down to the arrival of St. Patrick in this country, in the year 432 ; and the remaining part a history of Ireland to the commencement of the year 1320. It is said to have been the work of two monks, the first bringing down its annals to the year 1216, and the other conducting them to the early part of 1320. A short extract, taken from the year 1180, furnishes a clear instance of the importance of the Abbey at this period :—‘This Abbey of Innisfallen, being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of the clergy ; notwithstanding which, we find the Abbey was plundered in this year by Maolderin, son of Daniel O’Donoghue. Many of the clergy were also slain, even in their sanctuary, by the McCarthys. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end.’ ”

Among other objects of interest to be seen on Innisfallen is the “Bed of Honour.” This is a rude seat, formed on a ledge of rock slightly projecting, which acquired this name from a story of a lady who had eloped with her lover having slept during the night on

this ledge, her lover keeping watch and ward over her throughout the night. We will take leave of this lovely little island in the appropriate farewell lines of the poet Moore :—

“Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

“Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory’s dream that sunny smile,
Which o’er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.”

Besides the islands we have mentioned there are numerous small islets in the Lower Lake, with characteristic names, such as Crane Island, the Cow Island, Paddy Blake’s Island, the Burned Island, the Swallow, the Jackdaw, and O’Donoghue’s Coach-and-Four. With all of these some legend or tale is connected, irrespective of their charms in picturesque beauty of rock and evergreens. We must not dwell longer on the lakes, but proceed to note other renowned objects and scenes of interest in the neighbourhood.

Leaving the town of Killarney, and proceeding in a north-westerly direction for about two miles, a slight deviation to the right leads to the venerable and interesting ruins of Aghadoe, consisting of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a castle tower. The Church is a low oblong building, consisting of two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity, lying east and west of each other ; that to the east is in the Pointed style, date 1158, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity ; the other, or western chapel, is of an earlier period, between the sixth and twelfth centuries, in the Romanesque style,

and was under the patronage of St. Fenian. An ornamented doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful. Of the Castle the only remain is a fragment of a tower about 30 feet in height. Nothing is known of its foundation or occupation ; but as it is sometimes called “the Pulpit,” and sometimes “the Bishop’s Chair,” it has been conjectured that it was originally the residence of the bishop of the diocese. The masonry of the Round Tower is greatly superior to that of the Church ; the stones being large, regular, and well dressed. The greater part of the facing stone of the north side has been unfortunately taken away for the erection of tombs in the adjacent burying-ground. Within and without, the spoliator has been effectually at work.

Regaining the road from which we diverged to visit Aghadoe, we proceed due west, passing many fine residences, among them—Aghadoe House ; Lake View House, the seat of Mr. James O’Connell, brother of Daniel O’Connell ; Killalee House, and, close at hand, the ruins of the Church of the same name ; the beautiful demesne of Beaufort House, and the handsome place called Dunloe Castle.

About two miles from the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe is a singular cave. It is situated in a field close by the high road, and was discovered, in 1838, by some labourers in constructing a sunk fence. They broke into a subterranean chamber of a circular form, the walls of which were of uncemented stones inclining inwards, with a roof also of long transverse stones. In the passage were found several human skulls and bones. The Cave of Dunloe must be regarded as an ancient Irish library, lately disinterred and restored to the light. The books are the large impost stones which



form the roof ; their angles contain the writing. A library of such a literature was never heard of in England before, and scarcely in Ireland ; and yet it is of the highest antiquity. The inscriptions are in the *Ogham* character. It consists of sixteen letters represented by four arrangements of strokes, either upon a line, or, as is more generally the case, upon the sharp edge of a stone. The earliest written piece of Ogham writing, at present known, is in an ancient vellum M.S. of the eleventh century, which was at one time in the possession of Sir James Ware, and is now preserved in the British Museum.

We now draw near to the mountain gorge which leads to the celebrated Gap of Dunloe. Here the visitor meets with Kate Kearney's cottage, where he is invited to partake of goat's milk, flavoured with mountain dew.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE is a notable place, notwithstanding some diversity of opinion exists as to the merits of its claims to admiration. Situated amidst scenery remarkable for its sylvan beauty, the singular character of this deep and gloomy ravine is thrown into striking contrast. The Gap is a wild and narrow mountain pass, between the range of hills known as Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the Purple Mountain, which is a shoulder of the Tomies. The mountains which rise on either side, dark, stern, and barren, with no great space between, impart a solemn grandeur to the Pass. "The Glen, which is about four miles in length, presents a most extraordinary appearance. On either hand, the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, impend fearfully over the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. In the interstices of these immense fragments, a few shrubs and trees

shoot out in fantastic shapes, which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute to the picturesque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream, called the *Loe* (from whence the name of the ravine), traverses the whole length of the Glen, expanding itself at different points into five small lakes, each having its own proper name, but which are known in the aggregate as the *Cummeen Thomeen* Lakes. The road, which is a mere rugged footpath, constructed on the frequent brink of precipices, follows the course of the stream, and in two instances crosses it by means of bridges. One of these (seen in our view) stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent."

The passage through the Pass is made on ponies or afoot, the guide pointing out the objects of interest as they occur. The road for a short distance up the Gap keeps on the right of the stream, passing the lake called Cosaun Lough. Farther on, it crosses the stream before reaching Black Lough, where St. Patrick is said to have banished the last Irish snake, and keeps to the left of Custwally Lough and Auger Lough, finally crossing to the right before reaching Black Lough.

The rocks along the Gap are of the most grotesque form, and each has received some distinguishing name. One of them is christened O'Donoghue's Hunting-rock, and another O'Donoghue's Heart. On one side is pointed out the Bull, so called from its bold and rugged appearance. Perhaps the best known feature of the Pass is the Pike Rock, situated at the upper end of the Auger Lake, where the valley becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the narrow pathway. Although the mountains on either side are for the most part



bare, at intervals they present patches of cultivation, relieving the somewhat gloomy barrenness of the scene. Occasionally the deep gloom of the Pass is dispelled by the notes of the guide's bugle, or the discharge of cannon, evoking the magnificent echoes, which pass from hill to hill. While making his way through the Gap, the visitor will meet with women and young girls, each of whom carries a bottle of goat's milk and a bottle of whiskey. They are loud in their praises of this beverage, attributing to it reviving and sustaining qualities of an extraordinary character. The stranger cannot help regretting that so many promising young persons should be compelled to earn a trifle in so precarious a manner, and one so unsuited to their sex.

Emerging from the Gap, what is called the *Comme Dhuv*, or the BLACK VALLEY, displays itself—a wide and desolate hollow, surmounted by the finest peaks of this mountain range. This vale is considered by many more striking than the Gap of Dunloe. “On our right,” says Mr. Windele, in describing it, “lies the deep, broad, desolate glen of *Comme Dhuv*; an amphitheatre buried at the base, and hemmed in by vast masses of the mountain, whose rugged sides are marked by the courses of the descending streams. At the western extremity of the valley gloomily reposes, amidst silence and shadows, one of those lakes, or rather circular basins, of dark, still waters, ‘*Loch an bric dearg*,’ ‘the lake of the char or red trout.’ Other lesser lakes dot the surface of the moor, and, uniting, form at the side opposite the termination of the Gap, a fine waterfall of considerable height, enjoying the advantage not common to other falls in Ireland, of being plentifully supplied with water at every season of the year.” The darkness and savage grandeur of the valley is not caused by any

excess of vegetation, what exists being, on the contrary, very stunted, and sparingly scattered. The effect is produced by the height of the hills surrounding the vale, and the immense quantity of dissolved peaty matter in the water. When seen on a hot, hazy day the view is truly weird-like and magical, reminding the spectator of a composition by Salvator Rosa, or a fitting haunt of the witches in *Macbeth*. “Had there been at the bottom,” writes Kohl, “among the rugged masses of black rock, some smoke and flame instead of water, we might have imagined we were looking into the entrance to the infernal regions.”

The ascents of Macgillicuddy's Reeks and Mangerton are not usually made by the ordinary tourist ; although, should the weather prove favourable, the views from the summits of either range are very fine. The Reeks have proved to be the highest mountains in Ireland, Carrantuel, the loftiest point, rising to an altitude of 3,414 feet, being 658 feet higher than Mangerton. To the inexperienced, the ascent of Carrantuel is both difficult and dangerous, and should only be attempted by those accustomed to mountain climbing. “But the peak of the ridge once gained, the prospect from thence will amply repay the toil of the way. The scene is magnificent beyond conception. Beneath the spectator's feet lies a sea of terrene billows, each with its own blue lake, amongst which Lough Carragh is distinguished as the broadest and fairest. At every turn they are seen in the sunlight or shadowed by overhanging precipices. Of the Killarney Lakes, a small portion only of the Lower Lake is visible, owing to the interposition of the Tomies Mountains. A vast and uninterrupted view is also obtained from this elevated point, extending beyond the Shamon on the north, and embracing in a westerly and

southerly direction the bays of Tralee, Dingle, Castlemaine, Kenmare, Bantry, Dunmanus, with Cape Clear, and far beyond all, the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, forming a dark line of horizon to the immense picture.”

Until lately, Mangerton was considered the highest mountain in Ireland. The ascent is by no means difficult, and may be made on ponies. Although not so wildly picturesque as the Reeks, the views are very fine, a vast and commanding prospect being gradually unfolded as the visitor ascends—mountains, plains, and lakes, spreading like a map beneath. The great object of attraction is the Devil’s Punch-bowl, near the summit of the mountain. This “Bowl” is a small lake, about a quarter of a mile in diameter. Its waters, which appear of an inky blackness from the dark nature of the surrounding peat-soil and the overhanging shadows of the rocks, are intensely cold, yet they have never been known to freeze. The supply of water is principally from springs, and the overflow forms the Tore Waterfall, already described.

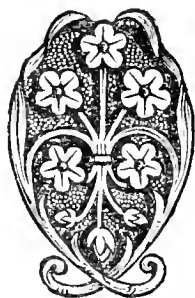
The summit is next reached, although the less enterprising usually limit their ascent to the Punch-bowl. The view from the mountain-top defies description. Should the weather be favourable, a magnificent panorama of the district is obtained. In the far away distance is the broad Atlantic, with the river of Kenmare, the Bay of Dingle, and the storm-beaten coast of Iveragh. Mid-way are the mountains—of all forms and altitudes, with their lakes and cataracts, and streams of white foam. At our feet lie the three Killarney Lakes, with Glenna, and Tore, and Tomies.

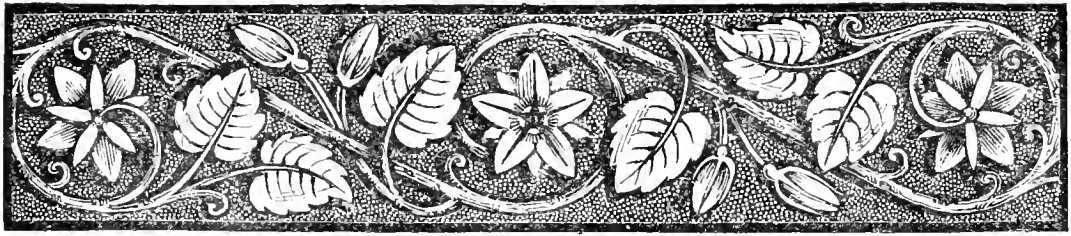
The descent of Mangerton may be varied by turning aside to visit *Coom-na-goppel*,—“The Glen of the Horse,”—lying between

Mangerton and Stoompa. This lonely glen, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular rocks, is about two miles in length, and contains three small lakes, one called O'Donoghue's Ink Bottle, from the darkness of its waters. Still farther east is Lough Guitane, of considerable size, but possessing few attractions, except to the angler.

The natural beauties of the county of Kerry are by no means confined to its famous lakes. Tourists who have time at command will do well to visit the western sea-coast. The stupendous masses of rock, which form headlands and protect the numerous noble bays against the mighty waves of the Atlantic, the rocky mountains which line the shores of the bays and harbours between the Shannon and Bantry Bay, are as fertile in scenes of bold and striking grandeur as the most ardent admirer of pictorial sublimity can desire.

To those who desire to see something of the attractions of the Shannon, Limerick may be expeditiously reached by railway from Killarney, the distance being about one hundred and one miles.





LIMERICK AND CLARE.

Limerick City—The Cathedral—The Castle—The Upper Shannon—Falls of Doonas—Castle-Connell—Killaloe—Lough Derg—The Lower Shannon—Ennis—Foynes—Tarbert—Scattery Island—Kilrush—Kilkee—Cave of Kilkee—Puffing Rock—Ross Bridges—Coast-line, County Clare—Hag's Head—Cliffs of Moher.

THE City of Limerick has been the scene of many interesting and important historical events. It is situated on the river Shannon, and is divided into three parts, the Irish town, the English town, and Newtown-Pery, so-called after the family name of the Earl of Limerick, on whose property it is built. The more ancient parts of the city are narrow and gloomy, relieved, however, by cheering glimpses of the waters of the Shannon. In the Newtown the streets are spacious, cut each other at right angles, and are occupied by elegant houses and merchants' stores, constructed of brick and limestone, for which the neighbouring district supplies the finest materials. At every opening to the westward salubrious breezes from the Shannon inspire health and vigour.

Among the interesting features of this famous city are its fine quays and magnificent bridges. Mathew Bridge (named after the great Temperance advocate) is a strong and commodious fabric,

erected in 1844. Baal's Bridge is a modern structure, built in 1842 on the site of the old one, which was of great antiquity. Thormond Bridge connects English Town with the county of Clare; and less than a quarter of a mile to the west stands Wellesley Bridge—one of the handsomest in Ireland—connecting the county of Clare with Newtown-Pery.

St. Mary's Cathedral is a building of massive character and ample proportions, the nave and choir being about 170 feet in length by 30 feet in breadth, and the transept about 93 feet long by 30. It is built in what may be called the Transition style. Many of the monuments are highly interesting. The external appearance of this ancient pile is grand and imposing, and is rendered strikingly conspicuous by its battlemented walls and magnificent square tower, 120 feet in height, which rises on its western extremity. From this elevation a lovely panorama of the Shannon is obtained. This venerable building has been referred to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. How it escaped the vicissitudes of war is a marvel, especially when we recollect the protracted sieges to which the city was subjected by the armies of Cromwell and William III. The Cathedral possesses a chime of eight bells, connected with which is the following touching story:—

“The remarkably fine bells of Limerick Cathedral were originally, it is related, brought from Italy. They had there been manufactured by a young native (whose name tradition has not preserved) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were purchased from him by the prior of a neighbouring convent, and with the proceeds of this sale the young Italian bought for himself a little villa near the convent, so that he might have the pleasure of hearing the sweet

tones of his own bells come pealing to him from the convent cliff, and that he might grow old in the enjoyment of their sound and of domestic happiness. This dream, however, was soon dispelled, for 'in some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer among many. He lost his all, and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed to the ground, and his much-loved bells carried away to another land. Haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, he became a wanderer upon the earth, and his hair grew grey, and his heart withered before he again found a home and a friend. In this desolation of spirit he formed the resolution of seeking the country and the place to which these treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon. The vessel anchored in a pool near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him, and he beheld St. Mary's steeple lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly towards it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat—

home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked up, they beheld him with his face still turned towards the cathedral, from whence the sweet sound of his own bells were softly pealing, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed him they found him cold and dead.’

“That there was originally some foundation for this touching legend is more than probable, but if so it belonged to a much earlier set of bells than those which now hang in the Cathedral tower, the oldest of which dates back only to the year 1613, and all of which are of home manufacture.”*

King John’s Castle is the principal and most important specimen of the ancient fortresses of the city ; even in its ruins it is a noble structure. “ It consists at present of a quadrangular area, surrounded by an uncommonly thick and well-built wall. The entrance in the west front, which faces Castle Street, was by a slender door approached by a flight of steps, above which appear the royal arms of England, of comparatively modern construction. This entrance is flanked on each side by an immensely strong circular tower, surmounted by embrasure battlements. Between these towers and the two others of equally massive character, which rise one on each extremity of this side of the quadrangle, the curtain wall is prepared for defence by strong embrasures. On the north front, which faces the Shannon, and the suburbs on the Clare side, extends a defensive wall of massive proportions, with a characteristic circular tower, corresponding in strength and appearance with those which line the western front, upon the summit of which large guns are mounted.” Within the central

* Llewellynn Jewitt.

area, which formed the site of the grand keep, military barracks have been erected. This castle is considered to be the finest example of a Norman stronghold to be met with in the country.

The public buildings of the city are handsome and commodious, and the churches and public institutions worthy of inspection.

“Limerick,” says a lively tourist, “justly celebrated for its hooks, is far more to be admired for its eyes; for, although the former are the best in the world, the latter are much more killing.” Its lasses have the credit of being the fairest of Eve’s fair daughters. Flax and lace are among the chief manufactures; and the city has an extensive trade in provisions. Large quantities of salmon are caught in the Shannon, and trout in its tributaries. History records that salmon was sold in Limerick market at a penny per pound; and the indentures of apprentices used to stipulate that they should not be compelled to eat that fish for dinner more than three times a week.

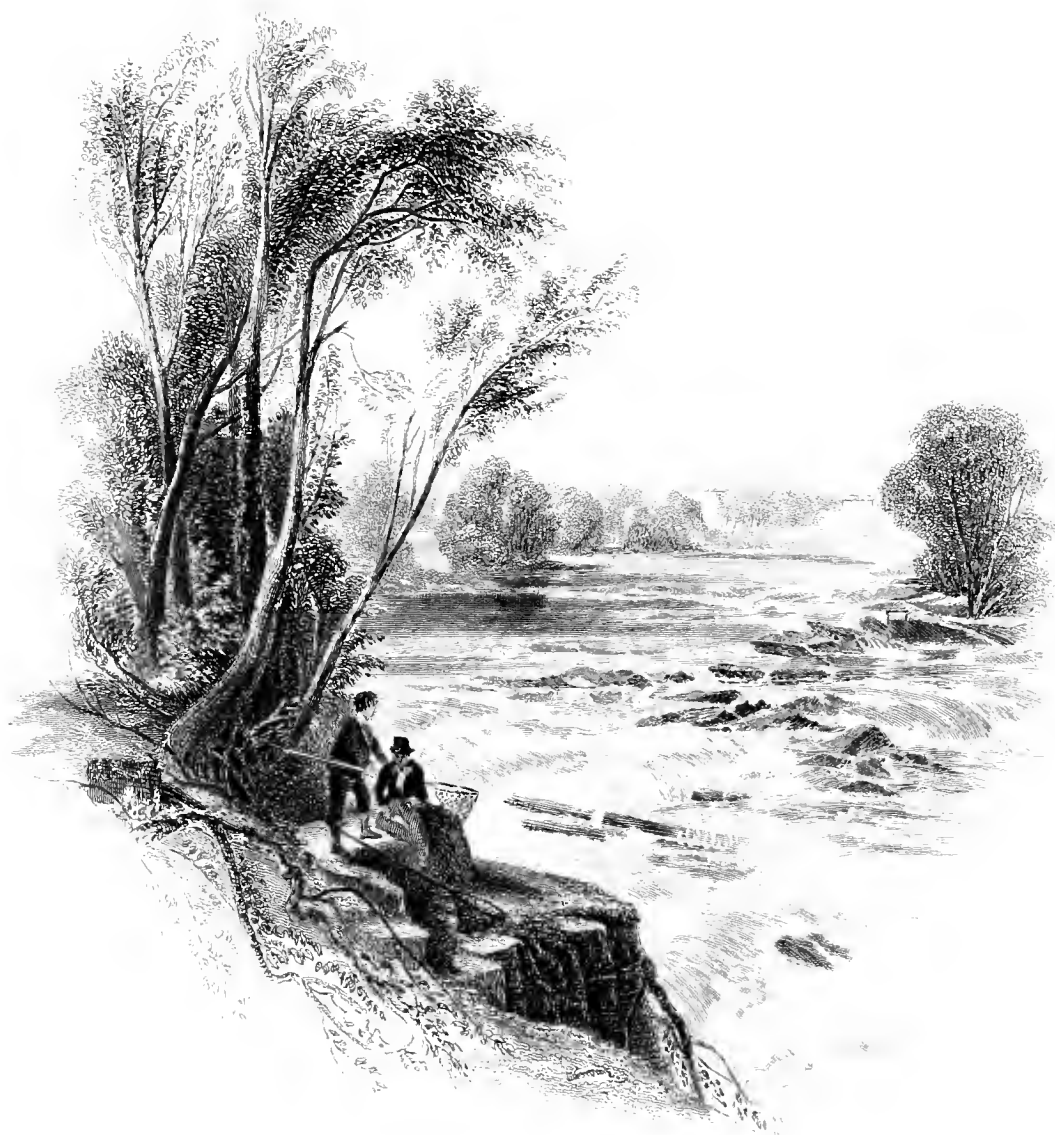
But to the tourist the real glory of Limerick is the Shannon, broad and deep—somewhat given to overflowing. The following is a sketch of the course of this “king of island rivers,” as it has been called:—

“Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim, supplied by streams from the high and rugged mountains by which it is surrounded, forms the source in which the Shannon is considered to rise. The Lake is about ten miles long, and is deeply imbedded in lofty hills, which contain rich and copious stores of iron and coal. Out of Lough Allen the river flows in a narrow and rather shallow and impeded channel; occasionally, however, widening into small lakes between the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon to Lanesborough, where it expands into the great Lough Ree, twenty miles

long, and in some parts four broad. For thirty-seven miles, to Portumna, the channel is more confined ; but it is still a bold and wide river. From Portumna to Killaloe its course is through Lough Derg, the largest of the Shannon Lakes, being twenty-three miles long. At Killaloe it resumes the character of an ordinary river ; but the navigation thence to Limerick is contracted and difficult. From Limerick to its mouth, the Shannon is a tideway, and appears, in fact, a great estuary or arm of the sea."

Throughout this course of about two hundred and forty miles, it waters ten counties—now as a narrow stream, then a wide glassy lake ; now placid and calm, surrounded by rich meadows or luxuriant woods, and then dashing down a rugged and uneven bed in mimic cataracts.

This last picturesque feature of the Shannon may be seen at its best but a few miles from Limerick. At the FALLS OF DOONAS the whole body of the river dashes over a mass of rocks which descend for the distance of half a mile, forming a series of impetuous cascades. The town of Castle-Connell, with its fine mansions and grounds, forms part of the landscape and adds much to the beauty of the scene. On the Limerick side of the river there is a charming walk, which commands a view of the stream as it rolls and tumbles in wild confusion over the rugged and water-worn rocks. The rapids can be seen, if possible, to still greater advantage from the fine mansion called Doonas House, as the principal falls are on the Clare side of the river. To denizens on the Thames the novelty of the scene is particularly striking. A writer judiciously remarks :—" It is only in the streams and rivulets of England that rapids are found ; the larger rivers generally glide smoothly on, without impediment from rocks. The



Thames, Trent, Mersey, and Severn, when they lose the character of streams and become rivers, hold a noiseless course ; but the Shannon, larger than all the four, here pours an immense body of water—which above the rapids is 40 feet deep, and 300 yards wide—through and above a congregation of huge rocks, which extend nearly half a mile, and offers not only an unusual scene, but a spectacle approaching much nearer the sublime than any moderate-sized stream can offer, even in its highest cascade.”

The lover of the picturesque should not leave Limerick without paying a visit to Castle-Comel, which is six miles from the city, and can be reached by rail. It is said to have derived its name from the ruined castle of the kings of Munster, the warlike O'Briens. The extensive ruins are still conspicuous on the top of a high and solitary rock above the river ; the ivy-clad side wall of the stronghold, and the lofty arch at its eastern extremity, present features of a truly imposing character. “ The connecting wall that extended from the north side of the tower to the portions which are still standing on the north and east points of the rocky elevation, has fallen, and dense masses of the closely cemented masonry are to be seen lying within the still surrounding walls, and at the base of the steep acclivity. One gigantic fragment in its fall bounded across the broad roadway which sweeps round the base of the hill, and, notwithstanding its having fallen from such a height, still remains a compact mass of some dozen feet square.” The castle was garrisoned by General Ireton in 1651, while on his march to besiege Limerick. It was also strongly garrisoned by the troops of James II. in 1690. After its final surrender it was blown up by General de Ginkell.

The Protestant church of Castle-Comel, pleasantly situated on

a richly planted hill, is a pretty and interesting structure. There are several beautiful monuments in this church, one of more than ordinary interest to the memory of the youthful Viscount Fitzgibbon, who fell at Balaklava.

In the neighbourhood of the village is a chalybeate spring, which is much resorted to by the citizens of Limerick. Besides the attractions of the spa, and the beautiful scenery, Castle-Connel is frequented in the angling season by salmon-fishers. At this place may be said to commence the rapids of the Shannon, which from here to Limerick excite the admiration of the beholder. The most remarkable of the falls we have already pictured and described.

About six miles farther up the river is Killaloe, in the county of Clare, about twenty miles from Ennis. It is a place of great antiquity, at one time called Laonia ; its present name is supposed to be a corruption of Kill-da-Lua. The Cathedral is a large cruciform building, with a heavy tower in the centre. Its general style is Norman, and it is referred to the twelfth century. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Church of St. Molua, an interesting structure, supposed to have been erected in the seventh century. The town is now dependent on the fisheries and slate quarries in the neighbourhood.

A discriminating tourist thus describes the scenery of the district :—"The mountain scenery in the neighbourhood of Killaloe is exceedingly grand, the chain on the Clare side of the Shannon displaying, as it sweeps from north to south, features of great sublimity ; while that on the Limerick side, extending from north to east, and terminating at the eastern extremity of the lofty Keeper Mountain, at the end of which are the bounds of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, exhibits traits of equal magnificence and grandeur."



The appearance of the SHANNON AT KILLALOE is picturesque and beautiful, its course being interrupted by a ridge of rocks, over which the waters thunder in time of flood. A curious old bridge of nineteen arches here crosses the river, forming a beautiful object in the landscape, as seen in our engraving. At a short distance south of the town, on the western bank of the Shannon, is the palace of the Protestant bishop of the diocese.

From Killaloe, a pleasant trip of about a mile may be made to Lough Derg, the largest lake in the course of the Shannon. The Lough is twenty-three miles long, and varies from two to six in breadth. It is bordered by magnificent mountains, and contains many islands, the whole forming one of the grandest and most beautiful views in Ireland.

The Shannon below Limerick is a broad and noble stream, and should the steamers run from the city direct to Kilrush, the tourist will be able to enjoy the fine river scenery by this route. A more expeditious way of reaching Kilrush is by rail from Limerick to Foynes. At the latter place a steamer, in connection with the train, carries passengers across to Kilrush.

Passing down the river, many beautiful demesnes and old ruins are seen. On the Clare side is the broad estuary of the river Fergus, which runs past Clare Castle and Ennis, the assize town of the county. Ennis is situated nearly in the centre of the county, and is a place of some importance, possessing fine ruins. On the Limerick side, near this point, the river Deel, which flows downward from Askeaton, loses itself in the Shannon. This town is famous for the ruins of its abbey. Foynes is next reached, with its fine harbour, having a depth of 50 feet at low water. It was proposed to make this place a station for the American mail-

packets ; the navigation of the Shannon being perfectly open from the mouth of the river to this harbour. After passing the town of Glin and its fine Castle, the steamer arrives at Tarbert, where there is a capacious landing-pier with a lighthouse.

From Tarbert the steamer crosses to Kilrush. About one mile off the shore of the latter place lies the far-famed Scattery Island, on which stands one of the finest of the Irish Round Towers, and the ruins of "seven churches." "During the early ages of Christianity this island was one of the most celebrated places of religious resort in Ireland, a monastery having been founded here in the sixth century by St. Senanus. Some writers state that this monastery was founded by the great apostle, St. Patrick, who placed it under the superintendence of his illustrious contemporary. So celebrated was the character for sanctity which this place acquired, that large numbers of monks and holy men came from Rome to place themselves under the protection of St. Senanus, who erected seven churches on the island for his enlarged community, and such was the seclusion and austerity in which they lived, that no female was permitted to land upon the island." St. Senanus is said to have refused to receive even St. Camera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The fame of the austere saint has been extended far beyond his native isle by one of Moore's melodies, entitled, "St. Senanus and the Lady" :—

" ' Ah ! haste and leave this saered isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile,
For on thy deek, though dark it be,
A female form I see ;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.' "

" ' O father, send not hence my bark ;
 Through wintry winds, o'er billows dark,
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer ;
 Nor mine the feet, oh ! holy saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to taint.'

 " The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd,
 The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd :
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

Kilrush is a pretty and favourite summer resort, affording fine views of the Shannon, which is here eight miles broad. It is eight miles from Kilkee, on Moore Bay, formerly a mere fishing village, but now a fashionable watering-place. The town, which commands a fine view of the bay, is built close to the sea, and is remarkable for its cleanliness. The beach presents a smooth, white, sandy surface, nearly a mile in extent, where visitors can enjoy the exhilarating breeze from the wide Atlantic.

Great as are the attractions of Kilkee as a bathing-place, the town owes its chief popularity to the cliff scenery and natural curiosities of the coast in the neighbourhood. These are unrivalled in the kingdom. Among them are the Amphitheatre, which takes its name from its nearly circular form, and the manner in which the projecting shelves of rock are formed, resembling as they do the seats in the area of a building of this description ; the Diamond Rocks, so called from the crystals which are found in their veins ; the Cave ; the Puffing Cavern ; and the celebrated Ross Bridges.

The Cave of Kilkee is about two miles from the town. In favourable weather the cavern may be entered by a small boat. The arched entrance is about 60 feet in height, which diminishes

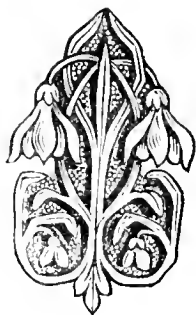
to 30 feet on penetrating about 300 feet into the cave. The roof presents a beautiful variety of metallic tinges, from the mineral substances held in solution by the water, which continually drops from the top, giving increased effect to the light thrown in at the entrance, which forms a striking contrast with the darkness at the upper end.

The Puffing Rock is about 50 feet high and 30 feet square, and has an opening down through the middle to a large chamber beneath; and when the breakers are driven in by strong wind and tide, after filling the lower space, the water is spouted up through the aperture like graceful feathery plumes, and descending in mist, produces, when the sun shines brightly, a most vivid and beautiful iris.

About a quarter of a mile from the Puffing Cavern are the remarkable Ross Bridges. These two curious and picturesque objects extend across a natural canal or inlet, which appears as if cut out of the solid rock, and varies from 50 to 60 feet in breadth, and about a quarter of a mile in length. When the tide is at half-flow, the rushing waves of the Atlantic pass over the layers of flat rocks which form the bed of the channel, sweeping beneath the lower rocky bridge, and dashing upward, pass under the still higher and larger arch of the second bridge. In receding, the waves produce various picturesque cascades in the worn and hollowed caves on either sides of the foaming channel. These bridges, although of the same geological formation, are quite different in their general outlines. That which is nearest to the upper end of the canal, appears as if cut out of the solid rock, and consists of a single arch of fine proportions. The span of the arch is about 70 feet, the height from the bottom of the rocky valley which it crosses is

50 feet, the thickness of the crown 18 feet, and the width of the grassy roadway on the top 30 feet. The other bridge is still more remarkable, the roadway being perfectly level, both on the upper and under surfaces; and hence the interest it excites in the mind of the scientific observer, as to how so great a mass can be supported without a curve underneath. The span of this arch is about 45 feet, the thickness of the crown 9 feet, and the width of the rocky pathway on the top 30 feet. When the tide is out, the canal or rocky ravine may be traversed, and the under sides of the bridges inspected.

North of Kilkee the whole of the iron-bound shore of the county of Clare, with its bays and giant cliffs, extends to Galway Bay. North of Liscannor Bay is the promontory of Hag's Head, in the central part of which are the well-known Cliffs of Moher, which extend for two or three miles in length, and rise at one part to a height of 700 feet above the sea as a perpendicular wall. There are few districts in Ireland where the lover of cliff scenery, or the geologist, will derive more pleasure than in strolling along the coast of Clare.



PART III.—ULSTER.



FERMANAGH, DONEGAL, LONDONDERRY, ANTRIM, AND
ARMAGH.



FERMANAGH, DONEGAL, AND LONDONDERRY.

The North of Ireland—Enniskillen—Lough Erne: its Islands, Ruins, and general features—County Fermanagh—Ballyshannon—The Salmon-leap—Bundoran—County Donegal—Kilbarron Castle—The “Pullins” Gap—Lough Derg: Station Island and St. Patrick’s Purgatory—Donegal Town, Castle, and Abbey—Mount Charles—Lough Esk—Pass of Barnes—Lough Mourne—Curious method of pike-fishing—Stranorlar to Strabane—Londonderry—Coleraine.

THE eastern and southern portions of Ireland, comprising the scenery of Wicklow and the Lakes of Killarney, have been visited and briefly described; the scenery of the Shannon has also been noticed. It is now proposed to run through the north of Ireland, which, in addition to the Giant’s Causeway, possesses picturesque attractions equal to those already pictured. In these slight sketches, moving as we do, rapidly from point to point, the difficulty is to make selection among so many subjects of attraction, due regard being paid to the limits of the work.

The tourist whose opportunities only permit him to visit the Giant’s Causeway and the coast of Antrim, will proceed from Dublin direct to Belfast, thence by the Northern Counties Railway to Portrush; while those who have time at command, may make a pleasant and profitable tour to Enniskillen and Lough Erne, thence

diverging to the maritime county of Donegal, and then proceeding to the Giant's Causeway through Londonderry and Coleraine, returning by way of Belfast. By this route the tourist will get a glimpse of most of the northern counties.

The traveller intending to make the above trip proceeds from Dublin to Mullingar, a place of some importance, and the assize town of the county Westmeath. The line here diverges to Cavan, thence to Enniskillen. This is the chief town in the county Fermanagh. It is charmingly situated on an island formed by the windings of the river or strait which connects the Upper and Lower Loughs Erne. The town is connected with the mainland by two bridges, and consists principally of one long street, running north and south. The Protestant church is a very fine building. The barracks, which are large and commodious, and suited to accommodate artillery and infantry, are situated in the western part of the town.

The principal feature in the county Fermanagh is the unrivalled scenery of LOUGH ERNE, the lake next in beauty to Killarney. Properly speaking, it may be said to consist of two lakes: the Upper Lake being about twelve miles in length and four and a half in breadth, and the Lower Lake being nearly twenty miles in length and about seven miles in its greatest breadth. Both are studded with numerous islands, the Upper containing as many as one hundred and nine, and the Lower ninety. Of these islands, Devenish, situated about two miles from Enniskillen, in the entrance to the Lower Lake, is the most deserving of a visit. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of remarkably fertile land. Here are the ruins of several ancient churches and a Round Tower, one of the most perfect and beautiful in Ireland. These buildings have been thus described :—



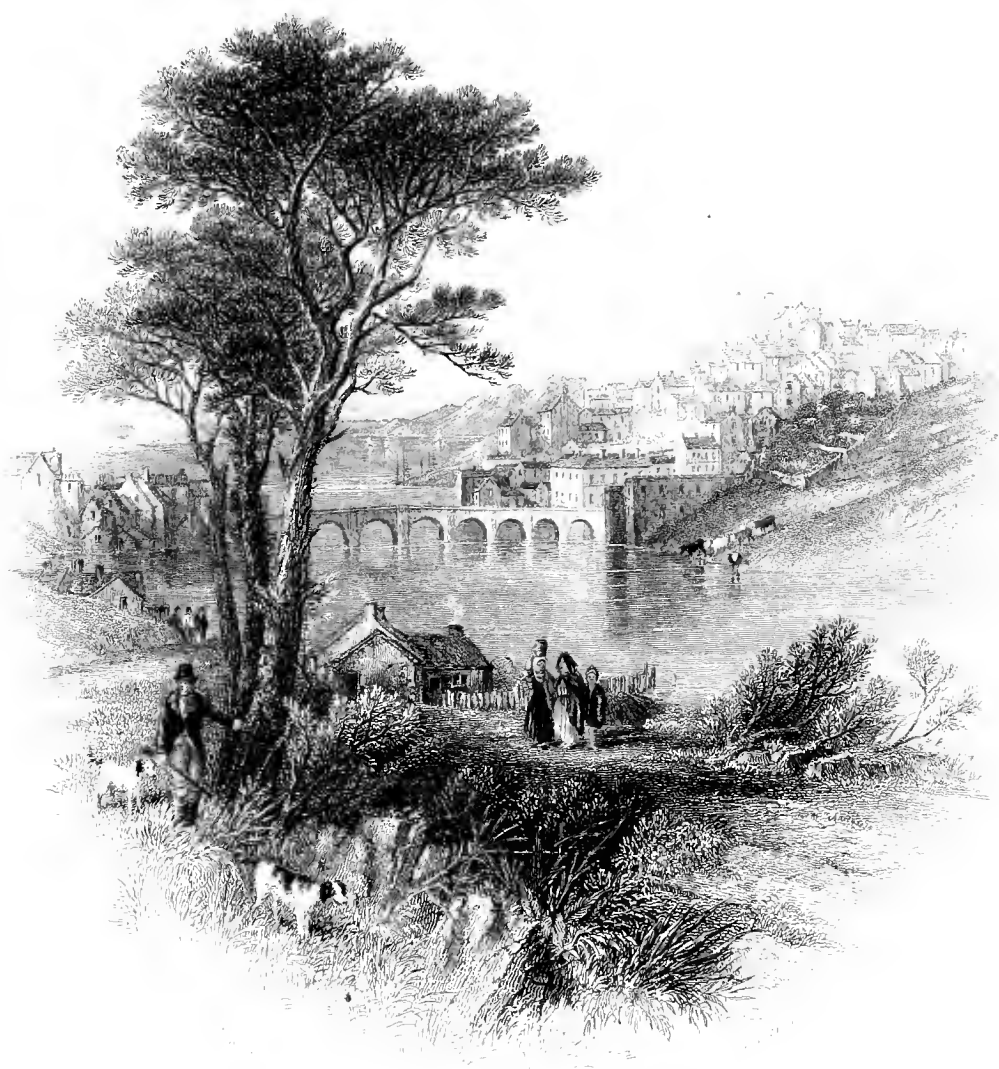
“Of the monastic remains, that called the ‘Upper Church’ is the most perfect and the most modern, or probably has been re-edified at a later period. The basement story of the tower is groined, and in the ceiling are two apertures, coeval with the building, through which bell-ropes were formerly passed. A small pointed doorway leads to a spiral staircase, by which the battlements of the tower are reached. The masonry — sculpture it might be called—is very remarkable: the angles of the architraves being delicately fluted, and finished equally at top as at bottom, produce an effect both light and graceful. At the height of 5 feet from the floor, and adjoining the entrance to the belfry, is a mural tablet bearing an inscription in ancient characters. There is a second doorway in the south wall, with an ornamental architrave, above which, in a canopied niche, were the arms of the founder, or of some benefactor to the priory. The stone used in building of the tower is a beautiful grey limestone, susceptible of a high polish; one of the varieties found in the district adjoining the lake. The Nunnery, or Lower Church, according to the local nomenclature, is of a more ancient date than the priory, and much more dilapidated. The eastern window, still perfect, is rudely executed, and divided into three compartments, with lancet heads, and banded on the inside; and in the southern wall are two circular-headed windows of later construction, illuminating a baptistry just below them. The length of the church is 86 feet, a fact that in a few years more must be gathered exclusively from the records of its fate. The cell or crypt of the titular saint is wholly unroofed; the side-walls and gable indicate the strength of the cement used in the erection; and from the remnants of the stone roof yet visible, the ceiling appears to have been coved

and separated by a void from an exterior angular roof, also of stone, in the manner of St. Kevin's Kitchen, at Glendalough."

The Cemetery of the ancient religious establishment has long been regarded with peculiar veneration by the peasantry ; and the dead are brought from distant places to be interred in this holy spot, as at Scattery and Glendalough. The point at which the mourners embark for the isle is still known as *Portora*—"the Port of Lamentation."

The Round Tower, one of the finest in the county, stands not far from the principal group of ruins. "It is exactly circular, 69 feet high to the conical converging at the top, which has been restored, and is 15 feet more; it is 48 feet in circumference, and the walls are 3 feet 5 inches thick; thus the inside is only 9 feet 2 inches in diameter, besides the door, which is elevated 9 feet above the ground; there are seven square holes to admit the light. The whole tower is very neatly built with stones of about a foot square, with scarcely any cement or mortar, and the inside is almost as smooth as a gun-barrel." The tower has a singular ornamental sculptured band of curious design.

Lower Lough Erne may be conveniently visited from Enniskillen. This great lake, one of the most extensive and beautiful sheets of water in the county, affords ample material for interest to the artist, the antiquary, and naturalist. Its numerous islands, of all dimensions, present charming bits of sylvan loveliness; while venerable ruins add dignity and solemn grandeur to the scene. Salmon, trout, pike, and eels, are found in various parts of the lake; and herons and other aquatic fowl abound among the islands. Many fine mansions are situated in the neighbourhood.



The lake may be traversed from end to end by steamer in two or three hours, or from near Enniskillen to Belleek ; or the excursion may be made in a rowing boat, affording opportunity for more leisurely inspection. To those who prefer land to water, the trip to Belleek may be made by car or rail down the north side of the Lough, one of the finest drives in the island. The next station to Belleek is Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, which county we shall next briefly visit.

Before leaving Fermanagh we may intimate that the county was anciently called the Country of the Lakes, and also the Country of the Waters. It was divided into two great portions, one of which was ruled over by the McManuses, and the other by the Maguires. The latter family was so powerful, that the greater part of the county was for several centuries known as McGuire's country. It was first made shire ground in the reign of Elizabeth, and was one of the six counties which became forfeited to the crown by the flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. Fermanagh is bounded on the east by Monaghan and Tyrone, on the north by Tyrone and Donegal, on the west by Donegal and Leitrim, and on the south by Cavan.

BALLYSHANNON is a seaport town, beautifully situated on both sides of the river Erne, which flows through the centre of the town beneath a bridge of fourteen arches. Some distance below this bridge is the far-famed Salmon-leap, — a magnificent fall, formed by the whole body of the river rushing over a ledge of rock, which here crosses the entire river, a breadth of about 150 feet. The water descends with astonishing rapidity and incessant roar, from a height of 16 feet, into the deep basin which may be said to form the head of the harbour. In the season it is an

interesting sight to see the salmon throwing themselves up the cascade in their attempts to ascend stream, sometimes unfortunately striking with great force against the overhanging crags. This fall, although a very beautiful bit of scenery, is an effectual barrier to the navigation of the river. From an elevation north of the cascade, and near the ruins of the ancient castle of the O'Donnells, a good view is obtained of the Salmon-leap, of Waltown Castle, and of the entrance to the harbour.

The town of Ballyshannon is a comfortable and thriving place, with an air of business about it. The imports consists of timber, coal, slates, groceries, and English manufactured goods ; and the exports principally of corn and salmon. Its salmon fisheries are valuable, large quantities being taken, and the quality and flavour highly esteemed. The town is well situated in the centre of a fertile district, and the neighbourhood contains more than an average share of mineral wealth.

About four miles from Ballyshannon is the pretty village of Bundoran. It is much frequented for sea-bathing, and is exceedingly healthy ; the wide Atlantic immediately facing it, and a range of mountains sheltering it from inclement winds. The cliffs form a delightful promenade, while numerous sheltered nooks on the beach afford admirable convenience for bathers of both sexes. In the season this watering-place is much resorted to by the people of the adjoining counties, for whose accommodation some excellent hotels have been erected. There are also numerous private dwellings appropriated to the use of visitors, according to their varying needs or means.

The railway by which we have diverged westward ends at Bundoran ; the tourist with little time to spare will probably retrace

his steps by the same route. We propose to vary the journey by going from Ballyshannon to Donegal, thence through Barnesmore Gap—one of the most magnificent defiles in Ireland—to Stranorlar, here rejoining the main line by taking the Finn Valley rail to Strabane, and so on to the Giant's Causeway by Londonderry and Coleraine.

At present we have but just touched the borders of the maritime county of Donegal. Though by no means so frequently visited by tourists as other parts of Ireland, the county is second to none in the wildness of its scenery. Its surface is principally comprised of mountain, lake, river, and falls, associated with endless fairy tales and traditions. The naturalist and geologist have long been familiar with its remarkable coast line, but the general tourist remained till lately a stranger in this region. The formation of the above-noticed branch lines, viz. the Bundoran junction and the Finn Valley line, has opened up the county in such a way that the principal features of its scenery may be seen in a few days, starting either from the north or south. The traveller of course will not find the same hotel accommodation or coach routes here as in the more populous parts of the island.

Leaving Ballyshannon, a few miles to the left, on a jutting crag overlooking Donegal Bay is the venerable ruin of Kilbarron Castle, a stronghold of the O'Clerys, once powerful chiefs of the district, and where the celebrated "Annals of the Four Masters" is said to have been composed. Not far from this relic is a natural curiosity called "The Pullins," which has been thus described by Mr. S. C. Hall :—"It is formed by the course of a mountain torrent, which runs for nearly a mile through a most singularly picturesque ravine,

presenting to view, in succession, a series of cascades, caves, wild cliffs, huge shattered rocks, amidst a profusion of the richest and most varied ferns, and every description of mountain plants. The whole course of the river is shaded by a mass of deep wood, which greatly enhances the effect of the scenery. A solid bed of limestone seems to have been cleft, from 30 to 40 feet in depth; and in this narrow fissure, turning often at a very acute angle, the river foams along, frequently entirely disappearing in caves, where its course passes under and through the rock for a considerable space. In one of these caves, the regularly formed arched roof, above 50 feet span, and above one hundred yards long, presents one of the wildest representations imaginable of the lawless distiller's haunt, or the outlaw's refuge. A dropping-well of the purest water is found in a basin of the rock within, and a succession of winding caves, forming numerous outlets, afford opportunities of escape or concealment on all sides. Often the course of the river is obliterated by masses of rock piled over each other in the most fantastic manner, and the existence of the stream is only known by a hoarse murmur deep below the place on which the spectator stands. After a course again of half a mile through a flat meadow, the river reassumes its wild character, but with increased magnificence of scenery. The river suddenly descends about 60 feet in a deep and dark chasm, the rocks actually meeting overhead, whilst a precipitous wall of rock bounds either side; it falls at once nearly 20 feet in an unbroken stream with a roar which makes the solid wall around absolutely quake. It emerges under a narrow natural bridge of rock of the most perfect Gothic mould, and turning suddenly, a vista of a quarter of a mile appears opening upon the sea in the distance, and on either

side a perpendicular wall of rock, clothed with the richest ivy, extends in a perfectly straight line to the village of Ballintra, the river occupying the entire space between these curious walls. A description can but faintly convey the extraordinary character of these lovely scenes, nor can the artist represent their singular beauties."

To the right, on the verge of County Tyrone, lies the famous Lough Derg, the largest of the somewhat numerous but small lakes of the county. It is a wild, romantic sheet of water, about six miles in breadth and four in width, surrounded on all sides by bleak and barren hills. The Lough gained its notoriety from the tradition that one of its islands contained St. Patrick's Purgatory. This imaginary favoured spot is called Station Island, which does not exceed half an acre ; yet in this confined space many hundreds congregated in the hottest time of the year. When Mr. Inglis visited the place, many years ago, he calculated that there could not have been fewer than two thousand persons upon a spot not five hundred yards long, and not half that breadth. The "station" commenced on the 1st of June, and continued till the 15th of August ; and from the same authority we learn, that the "whole number of pilgrims visiting the Lough would amount, during the season, to above nineteen thousand, the great majority being women ; many of them travelling a distance of two hundred miles to arrive at the scene of their 'devotions ;'" this too at a period of the year when labour was particularly needful and profitable ! Of course, this is an affair of the long past, although many humble penitents still pay their devotions to this celebrated shrine during the summer months. It should be added, however, that the Roman Catholic clergy universally condemn the

practice. We quote the following particulars of this singular tradition :—

“The tradition was, that St. Patrick had prevailed on God to place the entrance to purgatory in Ireland, that the unbelievers might the more readily be convinced of the immortality of the soul and of the sufferings that awaited the wicked after death.” A few monks, according to Boate, an old Irish writer, dwelt near the cavern that represented the entrance. “Whoever came to the island with the intention of descending into the cavern and examining its wonders, had to prepare himself by long vigils, fasts, and prayers, to strengthen him, as we are told, for his dangerous expedition, but in reality, by reducing his bodily strength, to make his imagination more ready to receive the impressions which it was thought desirable to leave upon his mind. He was then let down into the cavern, whence, after an interval of several hours, he was drawn up again half dead; and when he recovered his senses, mingling the wild dreams of his own imagination with what the monks had told him, he seldom failed to tell the most marvellous tales of the place for the remainder of his life. It was not till the reign of James II. that the monks were driven away from the place, and the mystery of the dark cavern dissolved.”

Resuming our route, Donegal would be reached in about thirteen miles from Ballyshannon by the direct road, which passes through a pleasant district.

The small maritime town of Donegal is situated on the river Esk, which, flowing from Lough Esk,—about three miles distant,—discharges itself into the harbour. The town is clean and business-like, possessing a spacious market-place, called the



Diamond, which is of triangular shape. In the vicinity is the fine old CASTLE OF DONEGAL, once the seat of the O'Donnells, chiefs of Tyrconnell. It stands close to the river Esk, above the bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. The Castle was built in the thirteenth century, and combined massive strength with considerable domestic accommodation and comfort. Soon after the wars of 1641 the structure was abandoned, and gradually became a ruin. "Many of the arches, some of which are Gothic, and one of them a rare specimen of the Byzantine style, are still entire; and the windows, which are of square form, with framings of stone, are in tolerable preservation. In the principal apartment on the second story is a large and grand chimney-piece, enriched with fine carving, representing various fanciful devices, and ornamented with rosettes." This interesting ruin is regarded with peculiar veneration by the countrymen of the chivalrous chiefs of Tyrconnell.

Donegal possesses another remain of antiquity, which Mr. Lacy thus describes:—"About a quarter of a mile from the town in another direction, and on the south bank of the Esk, as it flows onward to the bay, are situated the remains of the monastery, founded in the year 1474, for Friars of the Observantine Order, by Hugh O'Donnell, son of the Prince of Tryconnell, and by his wife, Fiongala, daughter of O'Brien, Prince of Thomond. This house has been rendered particularly famous as being the convent wherein (or in the Castle of Kilbarron) were compiled the annals of Donegal, generally called the 'Annals of the Four Masters.' Several portions of this renowned abbey are spread over the surrounding churchyard, the walls in general being very thick, and composed of an enduring limestone. The sides and arch of the

eastern or grand chancel window, which occupied the entire end of the church, are still remaining, and afford a tolerably accurate notion of what this remarkable place was in former days. Portions of the side walls and western gable are also standing, as well as those of the north transept. The south gable of what may have been an extensive chapel, with its fine Gothic window, is still entire, and stands apart from the church already mentioned. On the north side of the ruins is a row of arches, supported by coupled columns, which may be supposed to have formed portions of the cloisters. Some of the altar niches are to be seen in the principal ruin, and many inscriptional stones, partially worn, so as to obliterate the lettering on several parts of them. This very interesting remnant of former times is finely situated above the deep waters which may be considered as forming the head of the harbour, and must, in its palmy days of piety and grandeur, have derived no small advantage from its admirable position in the immediate vicinity of commerce and navigation, whereby most of the necessities and many of the luxuries of life were conveyed up to its very walls. The several islands at the head of the bay, with the neat and fanciful villas by which they are enriched and beautified, can be seen to great advantage from the cemetery in which the ruins are situated."

Three miles west of Donegal lies the pleasant little village of Mount Charles. From the summit of the mount from which it takes its name, a fine panorama of the country may be enjoyed, including portions of six or seven counties. The road gradually ascends until the tourist reaches the picturesque Lough Esk. Fine fishing can be had in this lake, as it abounds in trout and salmon. A short distance from its upper shores the "Pass of

Barnes " is entered—a gap formed in the lofty Barnesmore Mountains, the inhospitable summits of which rise in barren grandeur a short distance from each other. Before entering this mountain glen the visitor will enjoy the prospect presented before him, of the rich and fertile valley through which he has been travelling.

Barnesmore Pass is a deep and wild defile about four miles long, walled in by mountains in some places 1,700 feet high. Throughout its course rushes a rapid river, foaming over enormous masses of rock, which every now and then divert its passage, forcing it into a channel that, after taking a circuitous route, again progresses onwards by the side of the traveller. No human habitation is met with, nor any living creature, save, perhaps, a few sheep that, in the summer and autumn season, crop the scanty herbage that is found upon the bases of the mountains. In the winter season the whole region is deserted, as no living thing could find the means of existing.

Emerging from the Pass, the tourist will enter a district where the mountains, though less elevated, are still wild and spreading. After passing over a couple of miles of bog-land, Lough Mourne is reached, which is about a mile in length, and abounds in pike. Mr. Lacy gives us the following curious bit of angling information : —“ An ingenious method has been adopted for capturing these ravenous creatures, consisting of lines attached to a log of wood, the hooks of which are baited with horseflesh or some such substance. Dogs, trained for the purpose, are at stated periods sent forth, which at once proceed in search of the logs, that are left to drift as circumstances may direct, and when they have dragged them to the shore, return to the houses of their respective owners without in any manner meddling with the fish. It is said that

these dogs are lazy and indolent, and totally unfit for any other use."

From Lough Mourne, the traveller will soon leave the extreme verge of the Barnesmore range of mountains, and arrive at the village of Ballibofey. Crossing the river Finn, Stranorlar is next reached, where we propose taking the rail to Strabane, and proceeding to Londonderry. Of the county of the same name we shall do little more than pass through on our way to the Giant's Causeway.

The city of Londonderry is finely situated on the river Foyle, which is crossed by two bridges : a new one of iron, and a fine wooden bridge. The latter was built by an American, Mr. Lemuel Cox, a native of Boston, between the years 1789 and 1791, at the cost of £16,294. Its length is 1,068 feet, and breadth 40 feet. The city walls are in good preservation, and form a most agreeable promenade. There were six gates : the Bishop's Gate and Ship-quay Gate are the most remarkable. Among the most interesting objects in the town is the fine statue of the celebrated governor, George Walker, under whose command the city so bravely withstood the celebrated siege. This monument was erected in the year 1828, by subscription, at an expense of £1,200. It is based on a square pedestal bearing inscriptions descriptive of the important event from which he derives his historical celebrity. The shaft consists of a Doric column, 80 ft. in height, surmounted with a statue of the patriot. The monument in all is 90 feet in height, and is ascended by a staircase in the interior to the summit, from which the view over the Foyle and the country beyond is exceedingly fine. There are some good public buildings, and of late years much has been done towards rendering the town worthy

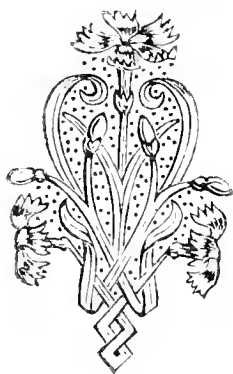
of its ancient fame. The trade of the port is steadily improving ; the salmon fishery of Lough Foyle is very productive, enormous quantities of fish being taken, most of which is shipped for Liverpool.

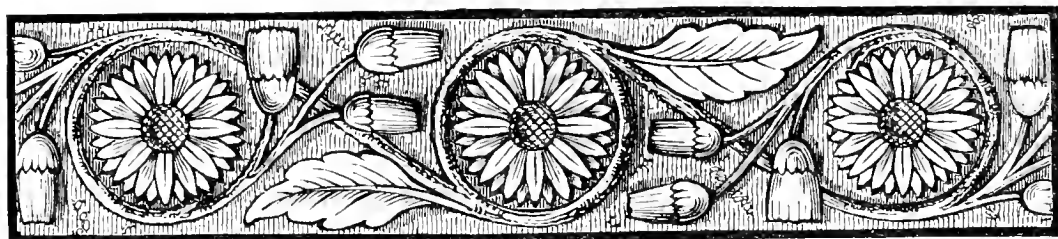
Most readers are sufficiently acquainted with the modern history of Londonderry, including its protracted and memorable siege in 1689, which lasted one hundred and five days. During this trial the citizens exhibited instances of constancy and devotion under the most severe privations, arising from want of the common necessities of life, equal to any which our history records. “Reduced,” writes Mr. Gordon, “to the extremity of distress, and endeavouring to support the remains of life by such miserable food as the flesh of dogs and vermin, even tallow and hides, nor able to find more than two days’ provisions of such substances, the garrison was still assured by the harangues of Walker in a prophetic spirit, that God would relieve them ; and men reduced almost to shadows made desperate sallies, but were unable to pursue their advantage.”

Early in the reign of James I., a considerable part of the province of Ulster was vested in the crown by the attainder of the Roman Catholic families of distinction, and a colonisation of the forfeited estates was then suggested to the king by the Lord Treasurer Salisbury. His Majesty, conceiving the City of London to be the best qualified to effect so great an object, on the 28th of January, 1609, permitted an agreement to be entered into between commissioners for the city and the lords of the Privy Council, whereby the towns and liberties of Derry and Coleraine, with the “salmon and eel fisheries of the rivers Bann and Foyle, and all other kind of fishing in the river Foyle, so far as the

river floweth, and in the Bann to Lough Neagh, should belong in perpetuity to the city ; ” that the liberties of Londonderry should extend three miles every way ; with numerous other privileges and conditions, included in twenty-seven articles of agreement. In 1613, the Society of the New Plantation of Ulster was incorporated ; and from this date Derry has been the property of the City of London.

On leaving Londonderry the line runs along the south-east shore of Lough Foyle for some distance. At Bellarena the scenery is very picturesque, the cliff rising to a considerable height overhead. Between Bellarena and Magilligan these cliffs are especially fine, and continue all the way to Downhill. The line now runs along the west side of the river Bann to Coleraine. This is a handsome town, finely situated on the river Bann, about four miles from the sea. Here we take rail for Portrush.





ANTRIM AND ARMAGH.

Portrush—The White Rocks—Dunluce Castle—Portcoon and Dunkerry Caves—The Stencans—The Causeways: Little, Middle, and Great—Giant's Gateway and Loom—Giant's Organ—Portnoffer Bay—Giant's Amphitheatre—Giant's Chimney-tops—Port-na-Spania—The Pleaskin—Bengore Head—Portmoon Bay—The Stack—Dunseverick Castle—Carrick-a-Rede—Kenbane Head—Ballycastle—Rathlin Island—“The Grey Man's Path”—Fair Head—Cushendun—Cushendall—Glenariff—Garron Tower—Glenarm—Larne—“Island Magee”—Carrickfergus—Belfast—Armagh—Conclusion.

PORTRUSH is a small seaport town on the northern extremity of County Antrim. It is situated within the shelter of a fine basaltic headland projecting about a mile into the sea, in the direction of the rocks called the Skerries of Portrush. On the western side of the peninsula is the harbour, which has been rendered available by the erection of two piers or breakwaters. The town is a busy place, much frequented also by visitors to the Giant's Causeway, and the other interesting objects on this remarkable coast.

The White Rocks are situated midway between Dunluce and Portrush. They are formed of white limestone, and abound in caves of the most fantastic forms. It is said there are as many as twenty-seven of these natural caverns, some of them extending far under the hills, within a distance of about two miles. The largest

and most picturesque is known as the "Priest's Hole." There is a good hotel here, and a fine smooth beach for bathing.

A mile and a half farther east and we come to the ruins of DUNLUCE CASTLE, which are boldly situated on the margin of the sea. Its grey bastions and pointed gables rise like an apparition on the sharp, jagged, and precipitous mass of rock ; the whole seeming more like a weird composition of the painter than the creation of an architect. Mr. Willis thus describes this picturesque ruin :—

"Dunluce stands on a perpendicular and insulated rock, the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they enclosed, contained a considerable number of apartments. One small vaulted room is said to be inhabited by a banshee, whose chief occupation is sweeping the floor. This story originates in the fact that the floor is at all times as clean as if it had been just swept ; but this mystery can be explained without the introduction of Maw Roi, the fairy, by the fact that the wind gains admittance through an aperture on a level with the floor, and thus preserves the appearance of cleanliness and freedom from dust just now mentioned. In the north-eastern end is a small room, actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away ; and from the door of this apartment there is a goodly view of the sea beneath. The rock on which the Castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united at the bottom of the chasm to the main land by a ledge of rock a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The Castle was entered by a bridge formed in the following manner : two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with



the mainland. Upon these, planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visitors, and removed immediately after the passage was effected. At present but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness : and the only pathway to the Castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm. The distance at which the other parallel wall was placed, may be perceived by the traces of its connection with the opposite rock.

“On the mainland, close to the Castle, a second collection of similar buildings is seen, erected at a later period by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of the giving way of an apartment on the verge of the rock. Beneath the cliff on which the rock stands, is a cave, penetrating completely through from the sea to the rocky basin on the land side of the Castle. It may be entered by a small aperture in the south end, and at low water there is a good deal of the flooring uncovered, which consists of large round stones, which have attained this form from the action of the waves. The sides and roof are of basalt, possessing merely the usual characters ; here also is a very remarkable echo when the surface of the water is unruffled.”

The original foundation of this Castle is not precisely known. It has been assigned to De Courey, Earl of Ulster, but seemingly without sufficient evidence. It is known to have been in the hands of the English in the fifteenth century. The Castle was the residence of the MacQuillans, and afterwards the MacDonnells. There are, of course, numerous traditions connected with the wars and misfortunes of these two families.

Continuing eastward we come to two caves usually inspected by visitors, viz. Portcoon Cave and Dunkerry Cave. The former can be visited either by land or water. Boats may enter to a distance

of a hundred yards or more, but the swell is sometimes dangerous. Dunkerry Cave can only be entered by water, the entrance being very striking. As each successive wave rolls into this cave at the flow of the tide, the surface rises so ominously as to suggest the possibility of the waters reaching the summit; of this, however, there need be no apprehension, the roof being 60 feet above high-water mark. Both caves have echoes, which it is customary to awaken.

We now soon reach the Steucans, hill-promontories which divide the bays Portnabaw and Port Ganniy. A little farther we come upon the Giant's Well, a basin in the basaltic flooring which is generally filled with spring-water. And then we are on the verge of the often described and pictured natural curiosity, the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, one of the most perfect examples of columnar basalt in the world. Before describing the various objects in their order, proceeding from west to east, we propose to devote a brief space to the general consideration of the district.

“Basaltic rocks occur more or less plentifully over the whole northern coast of the County Antrim, but the district embracing the most interesting variety of forms, ranges over a space of about four miles, from Portcoon Cave on the west, to Dunseverick Castle on the east. To form any conception of the appearance of the Causeway, we must suppose a wild rocky shore, with here a shoal and there a beetling cliff, alternating with deposits of débris. But the majority of our rocks in cliffs are deposited in layers one above another; whereas these are composed of perpendicular columns, some five, some six-sided, and though separate, fitting so closely together as to exclude, in some places, even a sheet of paper. The exposed ends of these columns form the Causeway, their entire

lengths in other places forming the ribbed or fluted crags, as in the Organ and Stack, resembling, but far surpassing in extent, the similar columns on Arthur's Seat, known as 'Samson's Ribs.' Nor are the pillars themselves continuous, but composed of several pieces fitted together by convex and concave surfaces. Of the figure of the pillars, we are told that 'there is only one triangular pillar throughout the whole extent of the three Causeways. It stands near the east side of the Grand Causeway. There are but three pillars of nine sides ; one of them situated in the Honeycomb, and the others not far from the triangular pillar just noticed. The total number of four and eight sides bear but a small proportion to the entire mass of pillars, of which it may be safely computed that ninety-nine out of one hundred have either five, six, or seven sides.' It would be out of place here to enter into geological details. It will be sufficient for the general reader's purpose, if we state that these columns are composed chemically of about one-half flinty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime ; that they are plutonic in their origin, that is, formed by a perfect fusion of the ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has cracked or crystallized into regular forms, as starch will on drying." * Kohl judiciously remarks on this subject—"With all the explanations that can be offered, however, so much is left unexplained, that they answer very little purpose. On a close investigation of these wonderful formations, so many questions arise, that one scarcely ventures to utter them. With inquiries of this nature, perhaps not the least gain is the knowledge of how much lies beyond the limits of our inquiries, and how many things that lie so plainly before our eyes, which we can see and handle, may yet

* Black's "Guide to Ireland."

be wrapped in unfathomable mystery. We see in the Giant's Causeway the most certain and obvious effects produced by the operation of active and powerful forces which entirely escape our scrutiny. We walk over the heads of some forty thousand columns (for this number has been counted by some curious and leisurely persons), all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other, and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers ; and yet what we behold is the result of the immutable laws of nature, acting without any apparent object, and by a process which must remain a mystery for ever to our understanding."

The Causeway consists of three piers, or moles—the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway, the Great Causeway—each jutting out into the sea. The Little Causeway is first approached from the west ; it is about 380 feet in length, but 16 feet in height, and is separated from the central compartment by a large circular dyke. The middle section, which is the shortest, consists of a magnificent group of lofty pillars called the Honeycomb, a name which aptly explains its character ; this is also bounded on the east by an excavation, or dyke. Beyond this is the Grand Causeway, which is about 700 feet long by 100 wide.

On turning to leave the Causeway, the Giant's Gateway and Loom are pointed out. These are composed of a series of columns, the perpendicular lengths of which are exposed to view. The Giant's Organ is a similar object, but more beautiful than either. "It forms no part of the Causeway, but is placed apart in the mountain, and consists of a number of large pillars, declining on either side to shorter and shorter ones, like the strings of a harp ; and we might really imagine a giant organist sitting play-

ing at it, especially as the basaltic pillars, when struck, give forth a metallic ring."

Portnoffer Bay is now passed, and we come to the Giant's Amphitheatre. Of this object Kohl writes enthusiastically:—"The bay called the Giant's Amphitheatre is certainly the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world, that in Rome not excepted. The form of it is so exact half a circle, that no architect could have possibly made it more so, and the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all round to the centre. Round the upper part runs a row of columns, 80 feet high; then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench, for the accommodation of the giant guests of Fin MacCoul; then again a row of pillars 60 feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones, like the limits of the arena."

The Giant's Chimney-tops are three isolated rocks standing on a promontory. In Port-na-Spania there is another organ—the "Spanish Organ;" and then we reach Port-na-Callion, in which are pointed out "the Priest and his Flock," "the Nursing Child," "the Scholar," a white pillar in a black crevice, likened to a student, book in hand; and "the King and his Nobles," a singular assemblage of pillars. When these are passed, we come to the Pleaskin, the most famous and beautiful of all the promontories. This remarkable headland is nearly 400 feet in height, and exhibits, in its various and distinguishable strata, the geological characteristics of the district.

East of the Pleaskin, fronting Horse-shoe Harbour, is a singular formation of rocks, called "the Lion's Head." Off Kenbane Head, another fine headland, are "the Twins;" then comes the

“Giant’s Ball-alley ;” next “the Giant’s Pulpit ;” and then we arrive at Bengore Head, scarcely inferior in grandeur, although more limited in extent, to the promontory of Fair Head. Here a very peculiar pillar has received the name of “the Giant’s Granny ;” and not far off four isolated columns are known as “the Four Sisters.” Rounding Port Fad is a single rock, named “the Priest.” We now enter Portmoon Bay, into which rushes a river, forming a noble cataract as it reaches the coast. Here occurs another striking and picturesque basaltic formation, called “the Stack.” Still farther on, we pass a curious rock, called “the Hen and Chickens ;” and shortly arrive at the splendid ruin of Dunseverick Castle, formerly the seat of the O’Cahans, chieftains of the district.

We have now completed the survey of the Causeway district from west to east. It will be advisable, if the tourist have time, to make the inspection first in a boat, and have the various objects pointed out to him by the boatman, and afterwards to visit them by land with a guide. We have given the names used by the guides to describe the various objects ; these names, of course, are merely fanciful, and, to our mind, add nothing to the interest of the scenes.

We now propose to continue our route eastward by the coast-road to Belfast ; the tourist pressed for time would take the rail at Ballymoney, for the same destination.

By the road which we traverse, excellent views of the bold and rugged scenery of the iron-bound shore may be obtained. One of the most striking objects of interest is the famous Carrick-a-Rede, the meaning of which is “the rock in the road.” This headland, which projects a considerable way into the sea, and on the

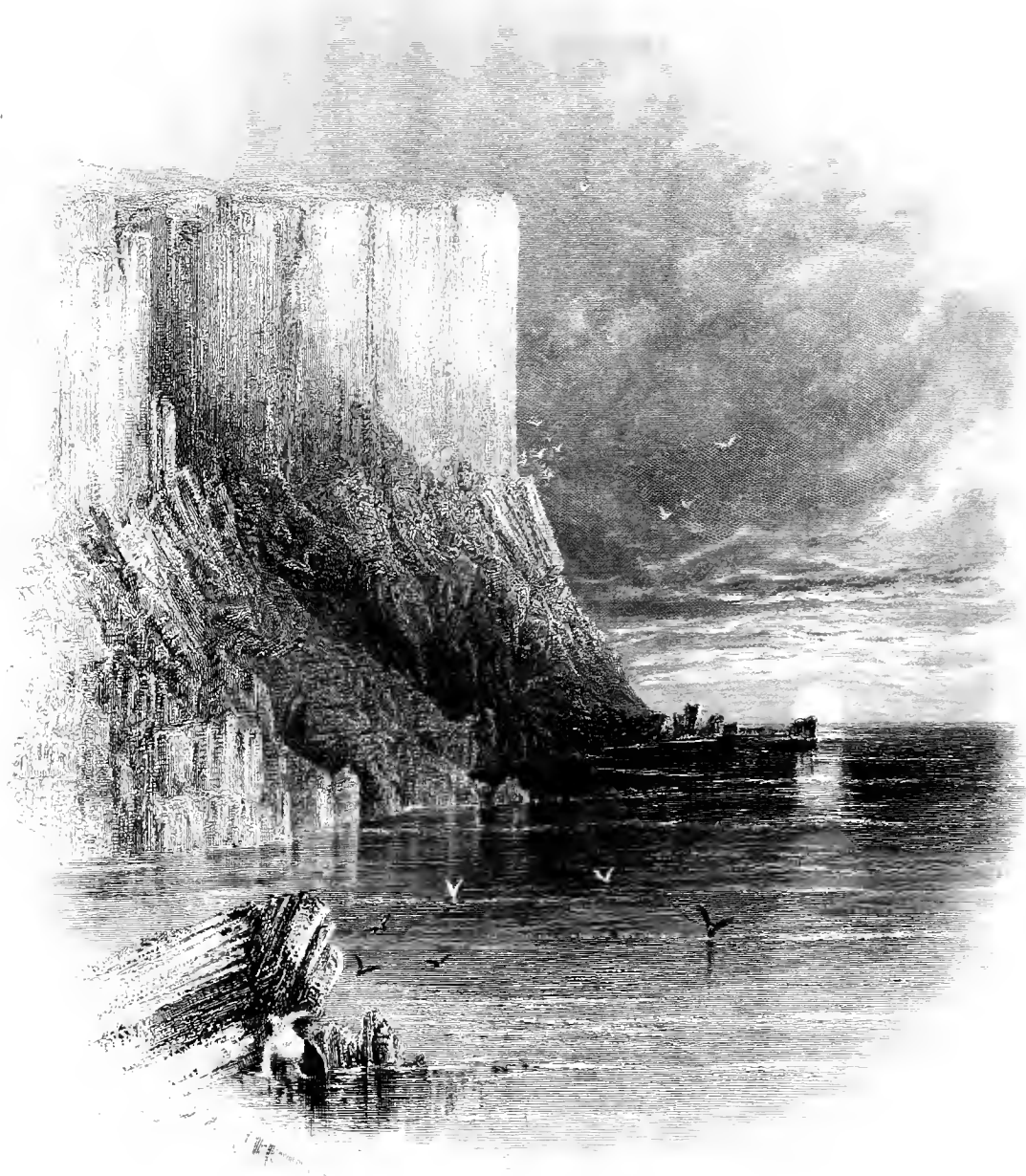
extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided from the mainland by a rent, or chasm. Across this gulf a flying bridge of ropes is thrown during the summer, for the convenience of those attached to the fishery, which is of some importance. Over this frail structure women and boys carry loads with the utmost contempt of danger and apparent ease. The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-Rede is well situated for projecting the intercepting nets.

About two miles from Ballycastle is Kenbane Head, a singular promontory, which derives its name (White Head) from the whiteness of the limestone rock. It is crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle, of which little remains except a part of the mossy walls of the tower or keep. The building is commonly known by the name of M'Allister Castle; from its bold and romantic situation, it is a pleasing object in the landscape.

Arriving at Ballycastle, the visitor is much struck with its situation and general appearance, standing as it does at the head of the bay to which it gives its name, opposite Rathlin Island, and in a valley at the foot of a lofty mountain, which shelters it on the south. This little town is of interest more for what it has been, than for what it is: it has little to boast of now, save the beauty of its situation, and superiority of its houses, which were raised in better times. Above a century ago, a large sum was expended in improving the harbour, and in the construction of a quay. Most of these improvements were carried out at the expense of Hugh Boyd, Esq., who likewise erected glass-houses,

tanneries, and breweries. The town soon became a place of commercial and manufacturing importance. Mr. Boyd also endowed several charities, and, although a member of the Established Church, built a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Roman Catholic place of worship. All this prosperity was slowly but surely frustrated by the encroaching sand, which gradually choked up the harbour. The consequence was that all the industries fostered by Mr. Boyd were suspended, and the place is now only visited by vessels in the summer season. In the days of the town's prosperity, collieries were successfully worked: while pursuing this industry, the miners came upon some neglected coal-works. From this interesting discovery it has been sought to establish a very early civilisation in Ireland, as no tradition remains in the country of the working of these mines. "Thirty-six chambers were discovered, all trimmed and dressed by excellent hands; also baskets and mining instruments, and other demonstrations of the original miner's knowledge and expertness in the art, equal to that of the present day."

Rathlin, or Raghery Island, is about four to six miles from the mainland, and twelve or fourteen from the Mull of Cantire in Scotland. From its geological formation, it is generally believed that this island was once connected with the Antrim coast; and that it is the surviving fragment of a large tract of country which, at some period of time, has been buried in the deep, and may have formerly united Staffa and the Giant's Causeway. It is about eight miles in length, and one and a quarter to half a mile wide. At a place called Doon Point, the disposition of the basaltic columns is very remarkable. The inhabitants, who number about a thousand, principally speak the Irish language.



Not far from Ballycastle, on the way to Fair Head, is a natural curiosity, called "the Grey Man's Path." It is a singular fissure in the rocky promontory, across which a pillar of greenstone has fallen, which remains supported on both sides at a considerable elevation.

Four miles north-east of Ballycastle is situated the bold and majestic promontory of Benmore, or FAIR HEAD. "From the summit, which is about 630 feet above the sea-level, the prospect is really magnificent, comprising within it the bold iron coast which intervenes between it and Bengore Head, with Rathlin Island, the Mull of Cantire, from which it is distant about seventeen miles, the Isle of Islay, Sanda Island, and the mouth of the North Channel, in all its wild sublimity." In a hollow near the summit are two small lakes, Lough Dhu (Black Lake) and Lough-na-Cranagh (the Lake of the Island). The island in the latter lake is said to have been made by the Druids, and used as the site of their religious ceremonies. "It rises in a perfectly regular oval figure from the surface of the water, and consists entirely of black basaltic rock, fragments of which lie round the shores of the lake in great numbers. Its position in the middle of a lake on the summit of a vast headland, is certainly one which they would have been likely to choose."

The promontory of Fair Head is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars. One of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and above 200 feet perpendicular. At the foot of this magnificent colonnade is seen an immense mass of rock, similarly formed, strewn in the wildest chaos. These ruins are supposed to have been, in the course of ages, tumbled down from their original position, by storms or by

some violent operation of nature. "The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded by any in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous débris, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable." Viewed from the sea, as shown in our engraving, the extent and magnificence of this bold, perpendicular cliff can be thoroughly felt and appreciated.

We next pass Tor Head, and reach the small fishing village of Cushendun, which is pleasantly situated on the bay from which it takes its name. The river Glendun is here spanned by a noble viaduct, 80 feet in height, erected at a cost of £17,000. Three miles farther is the town of Cushendall, beautifully situated within a quarter of a mile of the sea. The adjacent country is romantic and picturesque, and numerous caves of singular formation are to be seen on the coast.

Red Bay is next reached, and the wild and desolate basaltic vale of Glenariff, embosomed in lofty mountains, its front being open to the sea, into which falls the river, which rushes through the ravine that divides the closely adjoining mountains. On rounding Garron Point we come to Garron Tower, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, a castellated building, placed on the summit of a rock, which rises to a considerable elevation. The marine view from the ram-

parts is unusually extensive and grand. About four miles farther is the pretty village and bay of Carnlough.

We next arrive at the pretty little town of Glenarm, situated in a deep glen which opens to the sea, and on the banks of the Glenarm River. The Castle is a stately pile, very ancient, with modern additions in the finest taste. It is the seat of the Antrim family, who are greatly beloved by the people of the district. As at present constructed, the Castle is a quadrangular structure in the Gothic style, containing some noble apartments. The building is finely situated ; from one front there is a splendid sea-view, and from the other a prospect up the wooded glen. In the great Deer Park, supposed to be the finest in the kingdom, four hundred deer and stags graze ; and six hundred old ancestral trees overshadow the grounds with their spreading boughs.

Larne is a busy little seaport of about three thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Lough of the same name, which is formed by the singular peninsula of "Island Magee." This island extends about seven miles from north to south, and is about two miles in breadth. The inhabitants, who number about two thousand, are mostly of Scotch descent. Among the curiosities of the island are a rocking stone, weighing twelve tons, and some curious caves at Gobbins Cliffs.

The tourist cannot fail to be struck by the excellence of the new road we have traversed from Ballycastle to Larne. This road, with its viaducts, cost the large sum of £37,000. Formerly a narrow and difficult way, called "the Path," alone conducted the traveller along this coast. The new road is constructed with equal skill, taste, and enterprise ; cliffs cut through, chasms crossed, water-courses bridged—a rough and jagged coast, in short, traversed by

a road almost as level as a tennis-court. For a summer trip, nothing can be more delightful than this tour along the bold and rugged shore of the North Channel.

From Larne the railway may be taken to Belfast, passing through the ancient town of Carrickfergus, which is situated on the bay of the same name, also called Belfast Lough. The principal objects of interest in the town are the Castle and the Church.

THE CASTLE OF CARRICKFERGUS is one of the noblest and most perfect fortresses of the olden time now remaining in Ireland. Sir John de Courcy is believed to have founded it in the latter part of the twelfth century. It is situated on a rock about thirty feet high, projecting boldly into the sea, by which it is surrounded on three sides. The entrance from the land side is by an arched gateway and massive door, with a porteullis. The doorway is flanked on each side by an immense semicircular tower. A high and strong boundary wall, with embrasures for artillery, surrounds the entire fortress. The *ballium*, or keep, is ninety feet high, and the walls nine feet thick : from the top a splendid view is obtained, extending, on a clear day, to the Mourne Mountains and the Scotch coast. The castle contains a barrack, bomb-proof magazine, and ordnance store-rooms. Some years since, a total change was made in the defence of the Castle, and cannon of a very large calibre were mounted, which command the entrance of the Lough. The general appearance of the Castle is that of the early Saxon structures in Ireland, built entirely for strength, without any attempt at ornament, but possessing a massive dignity and grandeur.

In 1575 a wall sixteen feet high and seven thick, with seven bastions, to surround the town, was commenced, and completed in



the year 1608 : a considerable portion of the wall is still standing, and one of the four entrance gates. On the 14th of June, 1690, King William III. landed here with his army, twelve days before the battle of the Boyne. The rock on which the king stepped on landing is at the end of the quay, projecting from it, and still forming the landing-place.

The parish Church of St. Nicholas, part of which is said to have been built in 1164, on the site of a pagan temple, is a fine old building. It is a massive cruciform structure, with an attached tower, from the summit of which rises an octagonal spire. The interior is very beautiful, the east or chancel window being enriched with a grand stained-glass representation of the baptism of the Saviour by St. John. The church contains some interesting monuments to the Chichester family. "One erected in 1625 has kneeling figures of Sir Arthur, the founder of the family, and his lady. Between them lies the figure of their infant son, and below is the effigy of Sir John Chichester. Heraldic emblems decorate the tomb."

Belfast is about ten miles from Carriekfergus. This great seaport stands at the embouchure of the Lagan, at the head of Belfast Lough, twelve miles from the Irish Sea. The site is low, being little more than six feet above the level of the sea at spring tides, notwithstanding which the town is generally considered healthy. On the land side it is picturesquely bounded by the ridges of Divis and Cave Hill. The general appearance of the town is indicative of business and prosperity, combining the trade and manufacture of Glasgow and Manchester, with less of their smoke and dirt.

Belfast cannot claim any high degree of antiquity ; up to a

comparatively recent period it was a place of little consequence. Few towns, however, have progressed in importance so rapidly. In 1747 there were only three vessels, of 198 tons burden collectively, employed in the cross-channel trade; in 1870 the tonnage amounted to 1,225,000 tons. In 1821 the inhabitants numbered only 37,000; in 1871 they amounted to 175,394. The most important branch of commerce is the channel trade, above forty steamers plying regularly between Belfast and the chief ports of England and Scotland, besides Dublin and Derry. The foreign trade is also extensive. The chief exports are linen and cotton goods, grain, yarn, flax, tow, cattle, and provisions.

The staple manufactures are linen and cotton. In 1870 there were 154 factories, employing 55,000 hands. The other chief branches of industry are linen and cotton weaving, bleaching, dyeing, calico-printing, and iron-founding. There are also many flour and oil-mills, chemical works, breweries, ship-building, rope and sail-cloth yards.

Many of the streets are wide and well built, especially towards the exterior of the town. The mercantile quarter lies chiefly near the extensive and handsome quays. The manufactories are mostly on the north and west of the town. A few of the public buildings, which are numerous and good, may be indicated.

Queen's College is a beautiful structure in the Tudor style, opened in 1849. The entire length of the building is 600 feet; it consists of a centre of 300 feet, and two wings, each 150 feet. The halls, lecture-rooms, museums, and other apartments, are spacious and well lighted. The building stands in the centre of a fine park, many acres in extent, with grounds which afford ample exercise for the professors and students. The New Custom House

is one of the largest structures in Belfast. The building was commenced towards the close of 1854, and finished in 1857. It is constructed entirely of stone, in the Italian style. The edifice affords accommodation for several branches of the public service. The Court House, opened in 1850, is a magnificent building, situated immediately opposite the new prison.

Belfast Museum, erected in 1830, is built in the Classic style, and displays much good taste in the execution of the design. It contains many interesting Irish antiquities found in the neighbourhood, and also many natural curiosities. The internal arrangements of the Museum are good, and highly creditable to the enterprise of the shareholders. The Botanic Gardens, situated at a short distance beyond the Queen's College, and on the bank of the river Lagan, are well laid out, and contain the rarest shrubs and flowers, with a fine collection of the heaths found in the Irish bogs. The Gardens comprise about seventeen acres of land.

We have no space to describe the linen halls, commercial and corn exchanges, the flax mills and linen warehouses, banks, churches and chapels, and charitable institutions,—all of which are in keeping with the chief seat of the trade and manufactures of Ireland. A good bird's-eye view of Belfast and its environs may be obtained from Cave Hill, about three miles north of the town. The Hill is chiefly interesting on account of its geological structure, being composed of limestone and basalt. The view of Belfast Lough from Cave Hill is exceedingly fine, commanding the whole of the Lough, the greater part of County Down, and in clear weather the coast of Scotland.

There are many places of interest around Belfast to which excursions might be made if time permitted. As far as we are

now concerned, our road must be homeward, diverging from the direct route to Dublin to visit the seat of the Archbishopal See of the Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland.

The City of ARMAGH has been a place of importance from time immemorial. St. Patrick is said to have founded a church there about the year 457 ; since which time it has remained the chief ecclesiastical city in Ireland. He also founded the Monastery of SS. Peter and Paul, for Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. Armagh, from the year 495 to the ninth century, was the metropolis of Ireland, the native kings living at Emania, two miles to the west of the city. It was then renowned as a school of theology and literature, its college being the first in Europe. This institution received numerous grants and endowments from the native kings, the last of whom, Roderick O'Connor, made a grant to its professors in the year 1169. The annals of Ulster state that, at a synod held by Gelasius, at Claonadh, in 1162, it was decreed that no person should lecture publicly on theology except such as studied at Armagh. In the year 1004, the celebrated Brian Boromhe entered the city, when he presented at the altar of the church a collar of gold weighing twenty ounces ; and where, after his death at the battle of Clontarf, agreeably to his dying request, he was interred, together with the remains of his son and grandson. The town suffered severely, at various epochs, from fire and warfare.

Independently of its historical associations, there are many features about Armagh and its environs worthy of notice. It is situated round the base and on the slopes of a gentle eminence, hence its original name, Ard-Magha, "the high field." Its ancient Cathedral crowns the summit of the hill. This church is the

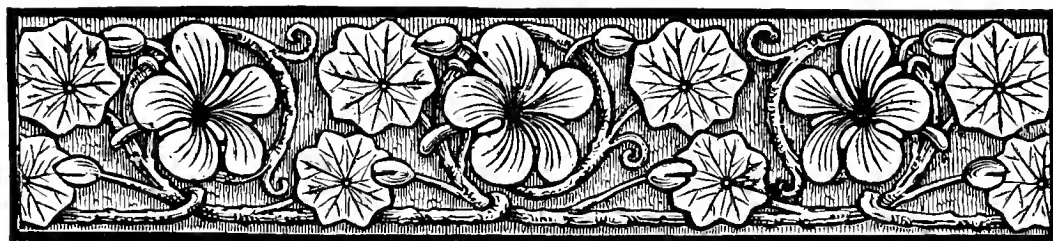


shell of the building erected about 1270, restored from ruin, and strengthened, but having all its ancient architectural features either retained or reproduced. This restoration was carried out by Lord Primate Beresford, who died at the advanced age of ninety, in July, 1862. His grace contributed a princely sum towards the work of reparation of the cathedral.

The city is for the most part built of limestone, and the streets are paved with the same material, which gives a remarkably clean and solid look to the place. Altogether, Armagh is one of the nicest towns in Ireland.

We must here reluctantly bring our brief rambles in Ireland to a close. In that favoured land the lover of the picturesque finds a charming diversity in its marvellous cliff and coast scenery, its majestic mountains, noble rivers, and extensive lakes. Truly, there is no such contented happiness to be enjoyed as when gazing on the beauties of nature : and nowhere can this enjoyment be realised more completely than in the Sister Isle. At every step the visitor recognises the consoling fact that the power of nature cannot be nullified by the folly, nor her beauty be altogether subdued by the misery or selfishness of man.

The motive of this little book is recreative, not political or economical. Still one cannot look back upon a country so beautiful without hoping and believing there must be better times in store for her ; without indulging the aspiration that the Island may be as happy and prosperous as it is lovely in aspect ; and that man may do something more for the land for which nature has done so much.



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